

FADE IN: on a symbol of American prestige, dying... *

EXT. AMERICAN UNIVERSITY - GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY *

DEMOLITION begins on The American University in Geneva. *
Jackhammers attack, dumpsters await. We are: *

EXT. CAFE - ACROSS THE STREET - GENEVA - DAY *

CARL DURST watches the destruction with faint regret. He's 45, American by birth, a quiet businessman. He hears: *

MAN AT NEXT TABLE (O.S.)
Know what's going there next? *

The man one table over is ROBERT DERMEER: 50, charming but soulless, immaculately dressed. Durst turns, eyes him. *

DERMEER ("MAN AT NEXT TABLE")
Headquarters of a German cell-phone company. *

DerMeer chuckles. Durst smiles thinly, not engaging. *

DERMEER (CONT'D)
I see you paid your check in dollars. Good strategy, dumping them. I don't know if I mentioned it in my e-mail but even *supermodels* are insisting on being paid in Euros now! *

DURST
You did. But all currencies fluctuate. *

DERMEER
The dollar isn't fluctuating; it's sinking - because there's nothing behind it anymore! Just an empire in twilight. In fact, there's only one American institution left with any luster to it at all. *

He nods at Durst's *International Herald Tribune*, a photo of U.S. PRESIDENT ED LINDEN. Durst gets the point. *

Then DerMeer *flips the paper over*, revealing its headline: *
"Linden Insists U.S. Economy 'Sound' as Banks Fail." He looks *
to Durst, who doesn't react. *

DERMEER (CONT'D)
Sad really, watching a Superpower turn into a debtor nation... *

DURST

Did you really fly me all this way
just to read me a headline?

*
*

DERMEER

I flew you here - that is, the
countries I represent flew you here -
to sway you.

*
*

DURST

Well you haven't.

With that, Durst rises and leaves - no goodbye. DerMeer is stunned, but too vain to show it. He sighs, stirs his tea...

Then, in a flash, Durst re-appears behind DerMeer and slams him face-first into the table. That fast, DerMeer is a mess.

Now Durst starts pounding the guy, in broad daylight, utterly indifferent to the STUNNED BYSTANDERS around him. DerMeer sags to the ground, absorbing one shot after another, as:

DURST (CONT'D)

(mid-assault)

And I will not have my country's
name... besmirched by some... Swiss
faggot in an Italian suit. I have...
fought and bled for that country...
What have you ever bled for?

Then he stops. DerMeer's face is a pulpy mess. Bones have broken. The stunned BYSTANDERS just stare, slack-jawed. Durst catches his breath, and leans in close enough to whisper:

DURST (CONT'D)

Have I "swayed" you?

(DerMeer can't respond)

Good. Because for what you want,
twenty million is an insult. The
price is two-hundred million.

(a beat)

And that's in dollars.

He walks away. DerMeer struggles to breathe. The street is peaceful again, save for the jack-hammering. We CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC/PRIVATE TERMINAL - LAX - MORNING

100 SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stand on a tarmac: khaki's, Polo shirts, shades, with sidearms visible. AIRPORT POLICE secure the area. We BEGIN CREDITS.

...as a gigantic plane rolls to a stop on the tarmac: a C5-A.

Not your average cargo-plane. The C5-A lowers hydraulically, its nose cone opening. A RAMP unfolds from within, as we:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. L.A. FIELD OFFICE - LOBBY - 9 A.M.

L.A. FIELD OFFICE of the Secret Service: a non-descript, 20-by-20 lobby. No Federal flare at all.

We're behind an UNNAMED AGENT as he enters. He flashes his "commission book" (i.d. and badge) to a RECEPTIONIST behind bullet-proof glass.

UNNAMED AGENT (O.S.)
I'm here for the POTUS briefing.

She buzzes him through a door. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. THE C5-A - CARGO FLOOR - RESUMING

In the belly of the C5-A we find TEN VEHICLES and *hundreds* of * METAL-CASES of gear, secured by straps to the cargo-floor.

70 MORE AGENTS descend a three-story ladder from a "passenger cabin" above. They're in suits. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. L.A. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - SAME

Unnamed Agent passes through. On the walls are plaques, pictures of grateful Presidents, a framed "THANK YOU!" from a local Boys' Club. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. THE C5-A - CARGO FLOOR - RESUMING

A load-out begins: Ten CS-GUYS (Counter-Sniper teams, with special patches on their shirts) open a row of METAL CASES.

Inside each case is a hand-made rifle. Each guy checks his own weapon and ammo, then re-closes the case.

TSD GUYS (Tech Security Division) enter a MINI-VAN, also secured to the floor. Inside is a NORAD-level computer bank. On the roof are TEN ANTENNAE and SATELLITE GEAR.

CAPTAIN SIEDOW, U.S. Army, leads a group of SOLDIERS in work-clothes to another row of metal cases. Inside, COMM GEAR: radios, cell-phones, consoles. A portable Phone Company.

TWO NAVAL OFFICERS open up a row of ICE-CHESTS. Inside: the President's food supply, frozen. They inspect it.

A MILITARY DOCTOR checks a mini-fridge filled with anti-toxins and the president's blood-supply. A NURSE unpacks a metal case housing a defibrillator, etc. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. L.A. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

Unnamed Agent passes a framed memorial to LESLIE COFELT, (first Secret Service Agent to die in the line of duty - 1950, defending Harry Truman).

A Fellow Agent named TED KRAMER hurries by with a nod:

KRAMER

Good to see you, Drew.

UNNAMED AGENT (O.S.)

Ted.

There was a flatness to that.

INT. THE C5-A - CARGO FLOOR - RESUMING

TEN VEHICLES are being unanchored from the C5-A floor: four black SUBURBANS, two mini-vans, three black LIMOS.

The last limo is affectionately known as "The Beast":

Inch-thick windows, doors weighing 500 pounds each. The One. An agent named OLSEN, (the President's driver), approaches.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. L.A. FIELD OFFICE - DUTY DESK - SAME

Unnamed Agent enters the DUTY DESK. It's a nerve center:

A DUTY DESK AGENT monitors TV FEEDS from this floor's lobby, its hallways, the parking lot of the building. Other MONITORS give him CNN, plus TRAFFIC GRIDS from L.A. and D.C.

Behind him, a SHOTGUN hangs on a wall, ready if needed...

INT. "THE BEAST" - INSIDE THE C5-A - RESUMING

A key sits in the ignition. Olsen turns it. The Beast rumbles to life: a 500 cc truck engine, 4 m.p.g.

Beneath his elbow is a console of buttons. As he hits each, the DASHBOARD LCD readout gives him a STATUS LIGHT:

Positive-Air Suppression System, check. Window seals, check. Gas-masks, check. O2 masks, check. Run-Flat tires, check. Satellite systems, check. Comm, check. Nav, check.

INT. L.A. FIELD OFFICE - DUTY DESK - RESUMING

Hanging on a wall by the door is a framed POSTERBOARD bearing the names and photos of the 300 agents in this Field Office and L.A.'s satellite offices.

They're placed in a hierarchical structure, like a pyramid...

So the S.A.C. (Special Agent in Charge) of the L.A. Office is at the pinnacle... and the guys from the Santa Ana, Ventura, and Riverside satellite offices are on the very bottom...

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. TARMAC - LAX - SAME

The line of vehicles now rolls out of the C5-A and onto the tarmac. Vans, Suburbans, limos, then The Beast. *

...followed by the 70 Agents. These are the guys from the D.C. Office, the A-Team, their faces expressionless behind sunglasses and earpieces.

One of them is TOMMY ASHBY, (49, Texan by birth, a lifer who has seen it all.) Beside him is LEAD ADVANCE AGENT DAN POOLE.

Poole is a STAR in this world, the man in charge of the President's detail. He's 35, former quarterback at Cornell, devout Catholic. Poole never relaxes. Ever. *

POOLE

A lot of moving parts on this one.

ASHBY

Can't beat the weather, though.

INT. L.A. FIELD OFFICE - DUTY DESK - RESUMING

We study that FACE PYRAMID, 300 photos of Agents - until, at the very bottom, we find the photo of an agent named "North, Drew" of the Riverside Satellite Office. We... *

END CREDITS. END INTERCUT. And:

REVERSE ANGLE, as DREW NORTH considers his place on that pyramid. He's 38, sharp, fierce. But there's a broken quality to him. He eyes his photo without expression... until: *

ASHBY (O.S.)

See, that's the trick with these damn things. If they turned it upside down, you'd be on top.

Drew grins, turns. Ashby is behind him, smiling.

DREW

How you doin', Tommy?

ASHBY

Good. Good. Glad to see you here.

They shake hands with simultaneous warmth and reserve. Two Agents, (SPERA and CULP, both 27), enter the Duty Desk:

SPERA
Hey, Drew. How's Riverside?

DREW
Bustling.

Spera and Culp chuckle; they like Drew a lot.

DREW (CONT'D)
Jewel of the Inland Empire, man.
Birthplace of California's Citrus
Industry. Did you know that? *

ASHBY
Also the state's leading producer of
West Nile Virus, but who's counting?

DREW
That's just a rumor.

All in good fun. Ashby heads for a door.

ASHBY
Let's go.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Drew and Ashby head down a hall.

DREW
So where're you on Game-Day? *

ASHBY
They've got me driving a *civilian*
around. Can you believe that? Some
member of the President's 250-K Club,
probably gonna spend the whole day
asking me how much I knew about
Monica Lewinsky. *
*
*
*
*

DREW
(laughs, then:)
How's Carol? *
*

ASHBY
That I couldn't tell ya. *

DREW
Oh shit. When'd that happen?

ASHBY

Couple months ago.

(Drew shakes his head)

But that's it. No joke. She was the last Mrs. Ashby. I'm instituting my own personal three-strikes law.

They show their commission books to a GUARD at a door, then:

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUING

400 AGENTS gather in here: 80% male, most in khakis and Polo shirts, (all of them have black TOTE-BAGS, as do Drew and Ashby.) We're 12 floors above Downtown L.A., Figueroa Street.

DREW

All presidents love L.A.

*
*

ASHBY

The beautiful people write the beautiful checks, baby.

*
*
*

Drew chuckles, shows his creds to an ADVANCE AGENT.

*

DREW

North.

Advance Agent hands Drew a briefing book.

ASHBY

Drew, your D.C. Counterpart will be Agent Leeds. Dave?

AGENT DAVE LEEDS turns. He's 26, handsome, solidly built, eager to make his mark. He approaches Drew; they shake hands.

*

LEEDS

Dave Leeds.

DREW

Drew North.

*

ASHBY

I was Drew's OJT his first two years out of Rowley. In other words, if he says anything smart in the next few days, he learned it from me.

*
*
*

Drew smiles, drifting toward a wall with two CITY-MAPS on it: One is labeled "MOTORCADE ROUTE #1"; the other is labeled "ALTERNATE ROUTE". Both have street routes hi-lighted in red.

*
*
*

A third map details DODGER STADIUM, with pins indicating post assignments, routes of ingress and egress, etc.

Drew studies them, making mental notes. Leeds drifts over. *

LEEDS
(re: Stadium)
Kind of a nightmare venue.

DREW
Why? Don't you like baseball?

Before Leeds can reply:

POOLE (O.S.)
Okay everybody.

All conversation *stops* - as Poole enters. The Big Guy.

POOLE (CONT'D)
We're at T-Minus Four. Let's
everybody grab a seat.

INT. NEW OTANI HOTEL - 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Miles of CABLES and PHONE WIRES run through a CORRIDOR, transforming this hotel floor into a SITE COMMAND CENTER. Agents and Military Personnel buzz through.

INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - SUITE - SAME

SECURE PHONES are being wired in here as AGENTS brief one another in teams of six. Drew and Leeds sit with FOUR OTHER AGENTS at a table. Each Agent has 20 FILES in front of him. *

Leeds pulls the last four in his pile: *

LEEDS
Okay, let's hit these last four, then
we'll take a break. Anybody?

DREW
We can skip three of them. These
guys. They're non-threats. *

LEEDS
How d'you know?

DREW
They've been on our radar a while.

Leeds waits - they all do - *Show me*. Drew nods to Photo #1, then he launches:

DREW (CONT'D)

Aqib is a money guy, collecting through a 501C3 for a charity in Afghanistan - probably an element of Al Qaeda. But he's not a weapons guy, and neither are any of his contacts. I vetted him through the JTTF and they're on him. He's not a concern for us.

Not bad. Leeds nods to the photo of Suspect #2:

DREW (CONT'D)

Delrado is a Desert Storm Vet, made the list by calling a radio show and blaming the President for his PTSD. He's harmless. I called the Palm Springs RA, they're monitoring him.

(Suspect #3:)

Rudnick has a mental history. Every time he cycles off his Thorazine he winds up dropping code. Last month he started yelling in a McDonald's about the President being an alien who had to be "put down." But he's back on his meds now and he's fine.

LEEDS

How do you know?

DREW

I bought him lunch yesterday. Are we in down-clothes tomorrow, or do you like to work suit and tie?

It takes the guys a second to catch up. Drew can be a blur...

LEEDS

Supposed to be 90 tomorrow; we'll go down. What about Number-Four?

He refers to a photo of SUSPECT #4 - EVAN BRAGG: wiry, scraggly, looks like a Confederate soldier. Drew eyes it.

DREW

Him I don't know.

Then they hear, via radio:

*

UNNAMED AGENT (VIA RADIO)

Be advised, Apollo moving from gym to the suite. All posts on Charlie.

That means the President is approaching. We move toward:

INT. NEW OTANI - 10TH FLOOR LOBBY/CORRIDOR - SAME

An elevator door opens... and PRESIDENT LINDEN emerges, fresh from a workout, surrounded by FOUR AGENTS in sweatsuits, Poole among them. *

We follow Linden down the hall - friendly nods for the AGENTS and SOLDIERS he passes - then: *

INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - SUITE - RESUMING *

Linden enters. The Agents are all standing. *

LINDEN *

Fellas. *

He passes through... until he stops, thrown: just saw Drew, standing among the other Agents. *

And we feel a sudden frost, some bad history. It's palpable. But Drew keeps his game-face on: *

DREW

Evening, Mister President.

Linden doesn't reply - just continues on, moment over. *

Drew bows his neck a bit. He just got frozen out by the President, in a room full of peers. Silence hangs, until: *

DREW (CONT'D)

Can I see that picture again?

Leeds half-nods, hands Drew the photo of Suspect #4. Drew, his face burning a bit, studies the image: Evan Bragg...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The real EVAN BRAGG eyes a syringe - then injects its liquid through a hypodermic needle into a petri dish... as Durst and EIGHT CONSPIRATORS watch. We're in a WAREHOUSE.

A man steps forward: WILKIE. He dips a CLASS GRADUATION RING into the liquid, wetting the face of it, then turns the ring around, (so the jewels are facing his palm.)

A cage sits nearby. Inside is a dog, a BLOODHOUND. Bragg opens the cage... as Wilkie summons the dog with a sound.

The Bloodhound obeys. Wilkie kneels down, and gently pets the animal, that class ring grazing the dog's flank.

Then Wilkie steps back. And they all watch...

Silence... until the Bloodhound begins to stagger, suddenly unable to right itself. Soon the animal stumbles to the ground, barely breathing, incapacitated. Durst nods, pleased.

Wilkie secures a vial of the liquid...

INT. NEW OTANI - GYM/SPA - LATE NIGHT

A high-end gym for pampered guests: a pond gurgles beneath a floor of glass brick, New Age music drifting soothingly.

...as Drew, alone in here, does Bench Presses on a machine. Punishing himself, his face a mask... until:

LEEDS (O.S.)

Hey.

Here's Leeds, looking annoyingly muscular and fit.

LEEDS (CONT'D)

Mind if I work in?

DREW

Sure.

Drew finishes, hops up. Leeds leans in and changes the weight-level: (Drew had been pressing 150 lbs. Leeds will now press the whole Goddamn stack.) He leans back, begins.

It's easy for him. Drew nods, to no one, as:

LEEDS

So... are you gonna make me ask?

(Drew knows what's coming)

The look between you and the President. What was that?

Drew doesn't reply. Leeds keeps lifting...

LEEDS (CONT'D)

Your file says you were *head of his detail* when he was V.P... How'd you go from that to Riverside?

DREW

Why? Something wrong with Riverside?

LEEDS

No.

DREW *
 Place was just named one of America's *
 Most Livable Communities. *

LEEDS *
 Your rank doesn't match your ability. *

DREW *
 Maybe it does. Are you done? *

LEEDS *
 Few more. *

He keeps pressing the gigantic weight, then: *

ASHBY (O.S.) *
 Hey, Fellas. *

Here's Ashby, emerging from a MASSAGE ROOM in a plush robe *
 and slippers, sipping water with orange wedges and cucumber *
 in it. He waves to a Thai masseuse, NINA. Her door shuts. *

ASHBY (CONT'D) *
 (re: Leeds' weight-stack) *
 Take it easy, Kid. You're making the *
 rest of us look bad. *

LEEDS *
 You wanna jump in, Sir? *

ASHBY *
 I'd better save my strength. *

He pulls a thin FLASK from his robe and takes a sip from it. *

Leeds, just finishing his set now, eyes Ashby reproachfully, *
 getting nothing in return but a pleasant smile: *

ASHBY (CONT'D) *
 Someone told me you can leg-press 300 *
 pounds. Is that true? *

LEEDS *
 Yes Sir. *

ASHBY *
 Like to see that. *

Leeds turns: the leg-press machine is on the *other side of* *
this gym. In other words, "Get lost." Leeds gets the idea. *

He leans in to put the bench-press weight back to 150, but: *

DREW *
It's fine right there. *

Meaning, *I can lift the stack too, Asshole.* Ashby hides a *
chuckle. Leeds drifts across the gym. *

Drew lies back, does a rep - Good God is that heavy - but *
there's no way he's going to bail. Ashby sits, watching. *

ASHBY *
Not bad, life in the Majors. Huh? *

DREW *
Little strange being here. Last eight *
years, the only time L.A. pulls me in *
is to play forward on their *
basketball team. *
(Ashby nods) *
So this was you, right? *

ASHBY *
I had nothing to do with it. *
(Drew's unconvinced) *
It's a huge detail, Man: the *
appearance with Marquez, first pitch *
at the All-Star Game. L.A. was *
strapped and needed some capable *
people. *

DREW *
They've been strapped before. I *
didn't get the call. *

ASHBY *
Would you rather be at *Sea World*? *

Bang. That meant nothing to us but it caught Drew flush. He *
stops lifting and sits up, a bit ashamed. Ashby eyes him. *

ASHBY (CONT'D) *
What, ya think people don't talk? *

DREW *
It's a great opportunity, Tommy. I'd *
be stupid not to look into it. *

ASHBY *
Uh-huh. And you'd be starting when? *

DREW *
Next week. *

ASHBY

Next week. Assistant to the-- *

DREW

Vice-President of Corporate Security.
In a couple years, I move up. *

ASHBY

Sounds great. Guarding Shamu.

DREW

Spent much time in Riverside lately?
Biggest gig last year was protecting
Rosalyn Carter when she flew in to
hand out an agriculture award. The
guys call it Driving Miss Daisy. *

ASHBY

You aren't gonna be there forever,
Drew. He isn't gonna be President
forever.

DREW

So I just tread water for another
four years? You're getting out. *

ASHBY

I'm *retiring*. Not quitting. Nobody
bails after putting in fourteen
years, man.

DREW

It's getting too hard, Tommy. They
won't let me do my job. *Across the gym, Leeds finishes his last rep, his weight-stack
slamming down loudly - showing off a bit: *

LEEDS

Next! *

Ashby smiles thinly, takes another sip from his flask. *

EXT. UNION STATION - N. ALAMEDA ST. - MORNING *

ADVANCE TEAMS prepare UNION STATION for a Presidential visit -
erecting a dais, sound system, etc. PULL BACK, and we are:

EXT. ROOFTOP - N. MAIN STREET - SAME

Drew and Leeds are two blocks away, scouting the site from a
ROOFTOP above two historic L.A. landmarks: PASEO DE LA PLAZA
and OLVERA STREET. Drew looks it all over, warily. *

DREW

This is a shit sandwich... You've got windows that open out, windows obscured by trees, accessible rooftops. Counter-Sniper Guys are gonna hate this site.

LEEDS

Probably.
(a beat...)
Your friend's quite a character.
Tommy.

DREW

Oh yeah?

LEEDS

We had a guy just like him in the Pittsburgh office: everybody's pal, kind of playing out the string but he had a sense of humor about it so people loved him. He sorta became our unofficial mascot.

DREW

You should watch him a little closer, ya might learn something.

LEEDS

Hey, I don't mean anything by it. I'm sure he was a great agent, back in the day. I'm just saying he--

DREW

I know what you're saying. Can we work now?

...which is when Leeds notices that Drew is watching something. We follow Drew's eyes:

On Main Street, below, a WOMAN affixes a NO PARKING sign to a sidewalk tree. The sign, official as can be, reads "NO PARKING - VEHICLES WITH DISTRICT 4 PERMITS EXEMPTED."

...which would be fine if she were wearing a uniform from the Parking Department. But she isn't. She's a civilian.

She alarms her HONDA DEL SOL, (which, conveniently, has a District 4 permit-tag on it) and disappears around a corner.

DREW (CONT'D)

Let's have a look at that Honda.

Drew heads for the rooftop door. But before he gets there: *

LEEDS *

Hey, I don't wanna have an issue
here. *Everybody* loses something off
their fastball eventually. I was just
saying he knows it, and he's *accepted*
it instead of being bitter about it.
I'm trying to pay him a compliment. *

DREW *

Ten years from now you won't say
things like that anymore: "playing
out the string," "lost something off
his fastball." Because you'll realize
how ridiculous they make you sound. *

Leeds wasn't expecting that, so he's silent. *

DREW (CONT'D) *

Careers go off-track for a lot of
reasons. You could wind up on the
sidelines - yeah, even you - just for
having an opinion. And you could wind
up *staying* there. And then you'll
realize something else: *

LEEDS *

What's that? *

DREW *

It's the guys at the bottom of the
pyramid who deserve the most respect,
because they're the ones who get up
and do the job every day *without*
anyone ever telling them how bright
their fucking future is. Now are we
gonna walk the route or aren't we? *

Leeds just nods. Drew exits the rooftop. *

EXT. N. MAIN STREET - AT THE DEL SOL - MOMENTS LATER *

Drew and Leeds approach the Del Sol. It's white, with a large
PEACE SIGN DECAL on its rear window. And one bumper-sticker:
If you aren't appalled you aren't paying attention.

Leeds, still reeling a bit, jots down the license plate
number, while Drew scrutinizes the car. *

DREW *

The stickers are new. *

LEEDS *
Huh? *

DREW *
The peace sign, and the bumper *
sticker. Brand new. Maybe even put on *
this morning. *

LEEDS *
What's that mean? *

DREW *
I dunno. Maybe nothing. *

Then LUCY CALVO turns a corner. She's 26, Latina, the owner *
of this car, carrying a large BAG. Lucy is a beauty, also *
something of a pistol. She eyes them with calm scorn. *

LUCY
Can I help you?

DREW
This your vehicle, Ma'am?

LUCY
Who wants to know?

DREW
Agent North, Secret Service. This is
Agent Leeds. Do you have some i.d.?

She rolls her eyes, then hands over her Driver's License.

DREW (CONT'D)
Mind telling us what's in the bag,
Miss Calvo?

LUCY
Yeah. I do. The law says you can't
ask me for anything except my i.d.
unless you have Probable Cause.

DREW
How about affixing a stolen municipal
No Parking Sign? Would that qualify?
(Lucy shrugs, undaunted) *
May I see what's in the bag? *

LUCY
That's a new one: cops hassling a
minority.

DREW

Hey. Johnnie Cochran. The bag please.

Lucy opens it, grudgingly.

LUCY

Just don't like Police-State stuff.

DREW

Neither do we.

Drew peers inside the bag. TEN T-SHIRTS in there. Each says, in bold letters, "LINDEN SUCKS!!!" Lucy shrugs, unapologetic.

DREW (CONT'D)

Any chance you're trying to secure a parking spot on this street because of its proximity to the President's route tomorrow?

LUCY

The President's going to be here tomorrow? Wow!

Drew ignores that, counting the shirts in the bag.

DREW

Can I assume we'll be seeing you and nine of your friends along the route?

LUCY

Very safe bet, yes.

EXT. PASEO DE LA PLAZA - MINUTES LATER

Drew and Leeds cross the tourist-strewn Plaza.

DREW

Oughtta run a history on her.

LEEDS

Gotta love L.A., right? Even the crazies here are attractive.

That was an attempt at detente. Drew keeps walking.

LEEDS (CONT'D)

Hey. About before...

(Drew waits)

I shot my mouth off, okay? Rookie mistake. I just wanna do my job.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DREW
 Forget about it. I shot mine off when
 I was 26 too.

*
 *
 *

Leeds appreciated that. They continue through the crowded
 plaza... until Drew stops. Just saw something odd:

*
 *

On N. Los Angeles Street, at the edge of the Plaza, is a TACO
 RESTAURANT - with a lipstick-thin SECURITY CAMERA above its
 door, pointing out at the street. Drew stares at it.

LEEDS
 What?

DREW
 That doesn't look right...

Drew heads for the restaurant...

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - TACO RESTAURANT - CONTINUING

Drew and Leeds approach. The place is CLOSED, at 2 in the
 afternoon. Odd. There's an accordion-gate in front of it. And
 that high-tech LIPSTICK-CAM over the door.

*
 *

DREW
 Does that seem a little high-end to
 you? A pan-tilt-zoom camera in front
 of a taco stand?

LEEDS
 It's a high-crime area. Owner
 probably got tired of break-ins.

DREW
 Ya don't see p-t-z's in good
 neighborhoods. It's too sophisticated
 to be here.
 (Leeds is silent)
 And why's the place closed? They
 aren't remodeling. It's two o'clock.

The windows are darkened. He heads down the street:

DREW (CONT'D)
 I want a look inside.

LEEDS
 It's not on the route, Drew.

DREW
 It's close enough. Be right back.

Drew's happy to check it out himself. Leeds follows anyway.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND N. LOS ANGELES STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Drew and Leeds arrive behind the taco restaurant. The back door also has an accordion gate. Drew eyes it...

LEEDS

How much do you know about Marquez?

DREW

I know he's got a big, fat bullseye on his chest - guy's not too popular with his generals back in Venezuela - and I know he's gonna be standing next to the President.

Drew climbs up some abandoned pallettes and looks through a dirty window into a standard restaurant kitchen, nothing suspicious or unusual at all. Drew eyes it, rankled...

EXT. LOS ANGELES ST. - TACO RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

They turn a corner, 50 feet from the front of the restaurant, Drew still puzzling over it. Then:

A MAN approaches the restaurant, slipping a piece of paper under the accordion gate. He's SALVADORAN, has a BACKPACK.

DREW

(aloud)

Excuse me, Sir? Can we ask you a few--

...which is when the guy turns, and takes off. Now what?

LEEDS

Probably just an illegal.

DREW

Probably. But we're two days out.

LEEDS

It's not on the route, Drew.

DREW

You wanna be a star or don't you?

Leeds eyes him: you *dick*. Then they both take off.

EXT. PASEO DE LA PLAZA - CONTINUING

Drew and Leeds chase the Salvadoran through the Plaza.

EXT. OLVERA STREET - CONTINUING

Salvadoran races through Olvera Street, thick with tourists and *tiendas*. Drew and Leeds follow as people scatter.

EXT. EDGE OF OLVERA STREET - CONTINUING

Salvadoran blows past a mariachi band, onto Cesar Chavez Avenue. Drew and Leeds follow - bursting onto:

EXT. CESAR CHAVEZ AVENUE - CONTINUING

Drew crosses the street blindly until - WHAM!

Leeds is flattened by a passing TAXI. Drew stops. An ALGERIAN CABBIE jumps out of the cab. Drew kneels beside Leeds. *

LEEDS

I'm okay! I'm okay! Go get the guy!

Salvadoran, panicked, stumbles into a guy on a BICYCLE. Drew takes off again, yelling back to the Cabbie: *

DREW

Call 9-1-1! Tell 'em there's an officer down!

Salvadoran gets to his feet, his ankle twisted now, as... *

Drew launches himself over a bus bench and right into the Salvadoran, tackling him. The Salvadoran goes down hard, head first. His eyes go glassy... then he passes out. *

With BYSTANDERS watching, Drew tears open the Salvadoran's backpack... where he finds FIFTY RESUMES. The guy was just looking for a job. *

Not good. Drew catches his breath. We CUT TO: *

EXT. LOS ANGELES ST. - TACO RESTAURANT - DAY

BOLT CUTTERS open those accordion gates noisily.

A Secret Service COUNTER-SNIPER TEAM, backed up by two LAPD Squad Cars, throws aside the gates, then enters:

INT. TACO RESTAURANT - CONTINUING

Nothing in here but tables, chairs, a cash register. The CS TEAM, weapons ready, moves into the kitchen:

A sink, ovens, stove. In other words, nothing.

INT. NEW OTANI - 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ashby opens a hotel-suite door and eyes us, fuming.

ASHBY

You gigantic asshole.

Reverse Angle: Drew, standing in the 10th floor Hallway. *

DREW

How bad?

ASHBY

Lead Advance Agent, the President's Chief of Staff, S.A.C. from the L.A. Office. Your basic hanging party. Ya know, most people try to lay low their last week on a job.

DREW

What're they gonna do, banish me to Riverside?

Ashby braces himself for some ugliness, as Drew enters:

INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - SUITE - CONTINUING

A silent walk through an entryway, then into the Suite.

...where Poole waits. And Linden's Chief of Staff TRACY BURKE (41, steely, a true believer), and WILLIS RINGLER (35, S.A.C. of the L.A. Office.) Not a lot of warmth coming from them.

POOLE

Agent Leeds sends his regards. His leg is broken in two places. Also has a mild concussion.

DREW

I'm sorry, Sir. The cab was speeding.

POOLE

He almost got killed out there - because of a taco stand that isn't even on the President's route!

DREW

It didn't look right, Sir. It still doesn't.

POOLE

Thanks for the insight. Have a seat.
(Drew sits)
(MORE)

*

POOLE (cont'd)

Your suspect was Salvadoran, here illegally. Are you trying to get a job at Immigration or something?

*
*

DREW

Sir, are you considering any plans to scrub the visit?

Silence. That just about took the air out of the room.

POOLE

What was that?

DREW

Scrubbing the visit. I believe that's indicated here.

The nerve of this guy. No one can believe it.

RINGLER

How 'bout the All-Star Game? Should we scrub that too?

DREW

I spent the day trying to get records on who owns that restaurant - there aren't any. No phone records either. And the PTZ camera had its serial number filed down. Something is way off here.

POOLE

We just tore through the place, North. It's empty!

DREW

It's incumbent upon us to keep the President away from any location that's unsec--

POOLE

Who the Hell're you to tell me what's incumbent upon us?! You've been in *Siberia* for the last eight years!

DREW

What's that got to do with it?

POOLE

Everything! Your buddy here gets you one last shot at the Majors so you feel like you've gotta do something dramatic to get yourself untracked. Great. You go out and cost me a guy

(MORE)

POOLE (cont'd)
 who actually does have a future. And
 now I'm--

...which is when Poole goes silent, mid-word.

...because he just noticed that President Linden is standing
 in the doorway, having heard every word of this; (his Suite
 is on the other side of a connecting door).

Silence. Poole tightens. They all do, especially Drew, as:

POOLE (CONT'D)
 Mister President. I'm very sorry you
 were disturbed, Sir.

LINDEN
 Tracy, I'd like to put a call into
 the agent who was hurt today. And one
 to his family. *

BURKE
 Of course. We'll take care of it.

Is that all he came in here to say...? Linden pauses, then: *

LINDEN
 I overheard your discussion...
 (they wait, Drew too)
 Alvero Marquez just spent twenty
 years in a Venezuelan prison - and
 the only thing anyone's ever been
 able to convict him of was his belief
 in American Democracy. Now I have a
 chance to greet him, one leader to
 another. That kind of symbolism
 matters. So, no, we won't be
 scrubbing the event. Can we secure
 our own streets or can't we? *

That was a challenge. He looks from face to face.

POOLE
 Yes, Sir.

RINGLER
 Yes, Sir.

ASHBY
 Absolutely, Sir.

Last look is thrown at Drew. Ashby tightens... until:

DREW
 Yes Sir, Mister President.

Linden nods, satisfied, then turns to Poole:

LINDEN

We're supposed to stage at Union Station, right?

BURKE

Yes, Sir.

LINDEN

Where does our Alternate Route go?

POOLE

Uh, it terminates at the Public Library, Sir. On 5th. The stage would be erected behind it. But--

LINDEN

I like that building; it has character. Don't you think, Tracy?

Burke pauses; she's used to being put on the spot like this.

BURKE

Absolutely. We like that venue a lot.

LINDEN

Good. Let's go there instead. Yes?

POOLE

Sir, despite any discussion you may've overheard, the original route is absolutely safe. We don't need to go to the Alternate if you have any preference, either personal or political, for the original.

LINDEN

Do you know what was sitting on Abraham Lincoln's desk the night he was assassinated, Dan?

POOLE

No, Sir.

LINDEN

Legislation to create the Secret Service, waiting for his signature.

(they get the point)

We go with the Alternate. Tracy, let's make those calls now.

End of discussion. Linden returns to his suite. Burke follows him. Poole is fuming, but trying to maintain his calm. He waits until the door shuts, then turns to Drew.

POOLE
 Congratulations. You just earned yourself a re-assignment.

DREW
 Sir?

POOLE
 The taco stand. You can post there tomorrow and surveil it yourself.

Drew pauses; maybe the guy is kidding. Drew hopes so.

DREW
 It's ten blocks from the alternate route.

POOLE
 But it's a location of interest now, right?
 (Drew half-nods)
 Then man it. Anything else?

Drew shakes his head. Meeting over.

INT. DURST'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A flatscreen tv operates off of Durst's laptop. On it is a MAP of the downtown area, centering on Union Station.

With the stroke of a key, the map becomes MULTI-DIMENSIONAL, enabling Durst to look *beneath* street level: at sewage lines, metro lines, etc.

Another keystroke puts him ABOVE THE DOWNTOWN GRID, a bird's-eye view. He types in the words "Alternate Route."

...and a path of BLINKING LIGHTS suddenly illuminates a new section of the Grid: 7th St., Figueroa, 5th St., then east... terminating at the grand old L.A. Public Library Building.

Bragg, whom we met earlier, is right over Durst's shoulder. Durst gives him a nod, and Bragg heads out...

INT. ALLEY BEHIND N. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Bragg is now dressed in black. So are the THREE GUYS behind him. They follow him through a back door. We're not sure where we are, until they enter:

*

INT. TACO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Yep, same place. Bragg and his team waste no time, zeroing in on a large STOVE in the center of the kitchen. They grab it.

...and lift it off the ground, 400 pounds. They set it aside.

...revealing a large GRATE in the floor below.

They remove the grate... and here's a SHAFT, straight down, with metal rungs - access to the vast world of tunnels and mains beneath downtown. Bragg and his team descend...

INT. DURST'S WAREHOUSE - RESUMING

A blinking CURSOR now lights up on Durst's MULTI-DIMENSIONAL MAP, enabling him to track Bragg's progress.

INT. UNDERGROUND SEWER LINE - NIGHT

Bragg and his team hurry through a sewer line. Then we hear:

DURST (O.S., THRU BRAGG'S EARPIECE)
You're there.

Up ahead is a hatch in the wall of the sewer. Bragg waves up a TEAM-MEMBER, who approaches the hatch with a BLOW-TORCH...

INT. SECOND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

*

Bragg emerges through the hatch and into another tunnel.

But this one has a GAS MAIN in it...

Bragg's team follows him through. TEAM-MEMBER #2 unzips a backpack, then pulls a thick BLOCK of something from inside:

It's PLASTIQUE.

BRAGG (INTO RADIO)
We're home.

INT. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Midnight, and Drew can't sleep. He rises.

INT. NEW OTANI HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - MINUTES LATER

CARLY, a 25 year-old bartender, giggles as she pours some warm milk into a to-go cup. The Lobby is quiet.

*

Drew stands at the bar, waiting. Carly hands him the cup.

*

DREW
Sorry for the trouble.

CARLY
Not at all. I think it's cute.
(a beat)
Let me know if it doesn't work; I'll
come up and read you a bedtime story.

Drew just smiles, turns from the bar.

...passing a table where a MAN sits alone, reading a book: *

"The Collected Works of W.E. Henley."

The man is Durst. It's T-Minus-One for him too.

Drew's never seen Durst before - but some instinct tells him
to stop. So he pauses at Durst's table, nodding at the book:

DREW
Heck of a poet.

Durst looks up, happy to engage.

DURST
You know him?

DREW
*I am the Master of my Fate/ I am the
Captain of my Soul.*

DURST
Very good, very good.
(pleasant smile)
If only it were true, right?

Seems like a nice enough guy.

DREW
You here for the President's visit?

DURST
Oh. No. I have an office at the
International Currency Exchange, fly
in twice a month. I'm in Arbitrage.

DREW
Tough business:

DURST
It can be.
(re: book)
(MORE)

DURST (cont'd)
 But I have Henley here for the nights
 it keeps me awake.

Drew breathes out a smile. Durst regards the warm milk.

DREW
 Well, nice talking to you.

DURST
 'Night.

Drew heads out. Durst returns to his book...

...until Drew stops. Turns.

DREW
 Hey, do you have a card?

DURST
 Sure.

Durst reaches into his pocket. Drew smiles pleasantly.

DURST (CONT'D)
 Are you in finance?

DREW
 No. I'm with the Secret Service. But
 lately I've started thinking about
 investments.

DURST
 Then I'm your man.

Drew eyes the card.

DREW
 Thanks.

DURST
 Pleasant dreams.

Drew walks away. Durst watches him go...

INT. SECOND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

No one's down here now. That PLASTIQUE sits undisturbed atop *
 the Gas Main. A tiny RECEIVER on the plastique blinks
 rhythmically.

We MOVE UP, through the roof of this tunnel, through the
 pavement above... until we are:

EXT. STREET LEVEL - 5TH STREET - CONTINUING - NIGHT

Before us stands the L.A. PUBLIC LIBRARY, on 5th between Grand and Flower. A timeless, elegant structure.

CREWMEN roll out a red carpet in preparation for the Presidential visit. COPS keep watch, no idea at all what's beneath them. We MATCH-DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 5TH STREET - LIBRARY - MORNING

Game Day. The red carpet is in place. Police guard the street. Everything looks calm, safe, attended to.

INT. NEW OTANI HOTEL - DREW'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Drew sleeps, his outfit for the day laid out neatly on a chair. His CELL-PHONE rings. That fast, he's wide awake:

DREW (INTO CELL)
This is North.

ASHBY (THRU CELL)
Emergency! Emergency! Two sea-lions
have been kidnapped! All agents
report to the Splash-Zone! Stat!

DREW (INTO CELL)
Shut up.

ASHBY (THRU CELL)
See ya on the trail, Partner.

Drew hangs up, breathes out a laugh...

INT. NEW OTANI - DREW'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Drew dresses in The Uniform: dark suit, sunglasses, earpiece, sleeve-mike. He heads for the door.

INT. NEW OTANI - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He turns a corner, walking proudly... then cringes a bit:

...as Leeds, his right leg in a cast, *crutches his way down this same corridor*, his expression a blend of Percocet and indignation. Drew braces himself.

DREW
Morning.

LEEDS
Morning.

They approach one another, an awkward tension hanging.

DREW
Need any help getting in your room?

LEEDS
No thanks.

They pass one another.

DREW
Get you some breakfast, or...?

LEEDS
I'm all set. Thanks.

DREW
Can I sign your cast?

What'd he just say? Leeds stops, turns...

LEEDS
You dick. The guy was a dishwasher!

DREW
I know. I'm sorry.

They study one another. Drew shrugs, turns to go, but:

LEEDS
Hey. Keep your head up out there. *
Lotta crazies in this city.

DREW
Will do.

Some mutual respect here. Drew heads down the hall... *

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - PARKING LOT - MORNING

BOMB-SQUAD trucks roll in, under a huge All-Star Game banner.

EXT. 7TH STREET - AT FIGUEROA - SAME

Rows of steel stanchions line the motorcade route...

EXT. 7TH STREET - AT FLOWER - SAME

Bomb-sniffing dogs go door to door.

EXT. 6TH STREET - AT FLOWER - SAME

Cops use mirrored POLES to inspect the undersides of cars.

EXT. 5TH STREET - AT FIGUEROA AVE. - SAME

COUNTER SNIPER TEAMS take their places.

EXT. NEW OTANI HOTEL - ENTRANCE - MORNING

MARK GURODE stands in the carpark of the New Otani. He's 30, rich, entitled, in a dark suit. Likes his Blackberry. A LIMO pulls up to him. This is Limo 6. Ashby emerges. *

ASHBY

Mister Gurode?

(Gurode nods)

Tom Ashby, United States Secret Service. Welcome to the Motorcade.

Gurode looks the limo over, peeks inside... then sags.

GURODE

I thought I was riding with the President.

Ashby smiles thinly. Might be a long day with this guy...

EXT. GRAND AVE. - AT 5TH - SAME

Lucy parks her Del Sol on Grand, beneath a NO PARKING sign. She gets out, looks around; no one's watching. She affixes another fake No Parking sign. Now her car is in the clear... *

INT. INT'L. CURRENCY TRADING HOUSE - SAME

A HUGE ELECTRONIC BOARD gives us the fluctuating numbers of INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY PRICES. Durst passes beneath it as he crosses this vast office floor. He enters:

INT. DURST'S 40TH FLOOR OFFICE - CONTINUING

Quite a view from up here. Durst crosses to the window:

There's the L.A. Public Library, forty floors below...

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - TACO RESTAURANT - SAME

Drew arrives at the taco stand. This street is lifeless.

He mans his miserable post... while listening thru his earpiece to the chatter of the frontline agents.

EXT. HOPE ST. - AT 5TH ST. - CUL-DE-SAC/STAGE - SAME

The Presidential Ceremony will occur here: a cul-de-sac where Hope Street dead-ends into the back of the Public Library. *

A rope-line is set up. A STAGE is lined with ARMORED FLOWER STANDS. The BLUE GOOSE (the President's podium) is in place. *

Behind us is the Library itself, framed by the USBANK and CITIBANK buildings - two giants, looking down on us.

EXT. 50 YARDS AWAY - HOPE ST. - AT 6TH - SAME *

Lucy and NINE PROTESTERS in "LINDEN SUCKS" t-shirts wait in line at a METAL DETECTOR. Lucy, carrying a large BANNER, dials her CELL-PHONE. The call fails. That annoys her... *

A COP stops her before she passes through the magnetometer:

MAGNETOMETER COP
Unfurl the banner, please.

LUCY
Are you checking for spelling errors?

MAGNETOMETER COP
Just unfurl the banner, please.

Lucy nods to another member of her team. They unfurl it.

...revealing "NO More Years!" in block letters. The color matches her t-shirt. The Cop eyes the banner calmly.

LUCY
Don't even *bother* telling me not to get too close to him. Staples Decision, 2000. Peaceful protesters cannot be restricted from access to an event.

The Cop, unmoved, waves her through.

EXT. FIGUEROA - AT 5TH - MOVING - MORNING

CROWDS CHEER as the president's MOTORCADE (30 vehicles) moves down Figueroa. Poole and 10 SECRET SERVICE AGENTS half-jog alongside The Beast.

The motorcade turns onto 5th Street, where that red carpet marks the front of the grand old library building.

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - CONTINUING

Ashby drives a very unhappy Gurode through Downtown.

GURODE
This is bullshit. I mean bullshit. I was told I'd have some face-time.

ASHBY

Sir, was that confirmed with the Lead Advance Agent?

GURODE

It was confirmed the minute I raised 250 thousand dollars for his warchest. Okay?

*
*

ASHBY

Two-fifty? Really?
(Gurode nods)
That explains a few things.

GURODE

Like what?

Ashby's now going to work the guy a little:

ASHBY

Like how you wound up in this car. You're the first civilian I'd ever heard of getting the privilege.
(Gurode eyes him, wary)
Being in the President's *Shadow* Motorcade. Normally I've got the head of the FBI back there.

GURODE

(intrigued... maybe)
What's a *Shadow* Motorcade?

ASHBY

We stay a block to the right of Limo One at all times, protecting his flank.

GURODE

Ya mean looking for snipers, that kind of thing?

ASHBY

Snipers, explosives, assault teams. We're a counter-operative vehicle. Two-fifty must be a magic number.

GURODE

Shadow Motorcade...

ASHBY

Yep.

Gurode likes the sound of that.

GURODE
That sounds kinda kick-ass.

Ashby suppresses a grin...

INT. NEW OTANI HOTEL - WHCA SUITE - SAME *

The White House Communications Agency, (called "WACA"), fills *
this suite. All "Comm" runs through it. THREE SOLDIERS in *
work-grade uniforms run lap-tops, consoles, switchboards. *

Supervising them is Captain Siedow, whom we met during the *
loadout of the C5-A. He looks livid. *

...because he's staring at chair #4, which is empty: *

CAPT. SIEDOW *
Where the hell is New Guy? Gooden.

WHCA CORPORAL #1 *
He said he was coming right back,
Sir! Said he'd forgotten something! *

CAPT. SIEDOW *
Christ... *

Siedow storms out. *

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - 5TH STREET - SAME

The President's MOTORCADE now occupies the entire block in
front of the Library. Poole opens the President's door:

Linden and ALVARO MARQUEZ, (50, dignified), emerge from The
Beast, instantly surrounded by Poole and a CADRE of Agents.

The two leaders are escorted by this moving bubble into the
front entrance of the Library, leaving the motorcade behind.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - TACO STAND - RESUMING

Drew stands his post. A smelly HOMELESS GUY approaches.

HOMELESS GUY
Mister? You got any change?

In no mood, Drew pulls out his badge: *

DREW
Move along.

INT. NEW OTANI - CORRIDOR/STAIRWELL - SAME

Capt. Siedow storms down a hall, opens a STAIRWELL DOOR...
And stops in his tracks, just saw something surprising:

*
*

The guy he's looking for, PRIVATE GOODEN, is on his knees in
this stairwell, at prayer. Gooden is 19, right off the farm.

*
*

CAPT. SIEDOW

What the hell is this?

PRIVATE GOODEN

(startled)

Sir, I woke up late this morning and
left my room without praying!

CAPT. SIEDOW

Get your ass back in your chair,
Gooden! It's Game-Day!

*
*
*

Gooden rises, runs out. Siedow watches him go.

*

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - DAY

Gurode is riding shotgun now and having a ball:

GURODE

Wow, I never looked at the world this
way! How do you guys ever sleep at
night? I mean, there's so much to
worry about!

ASHBY

It's just attention to detail.

Gurode smiles, then changes his voice completely:

GURODE

(new voice now:)

"Well, I certainly do appreciate your
vigilance and steadfastness, Tom."

Ashby smiles - because that was Linden's voice, dead-on.

ASHBY

Mister President! Not bad.

GURODE

It's a hobby. I can do anyone!

Ashby chuckles, actually starting to like this guy.

EXT. HOPE ST. - STAGE/ROPE-LINE/TERRACES - SAME

A HUGE CROWD waits at the ROPE-LINE, Wilkie dead center. *
COUNTER-SNIPERS watch from terraces above.

A SUNFLARE catches our attention... but it was just light reflecting off a cell-phone. Then a SCREAM... but it was just the giddy excitement of a WOMAN eager to see the President.

RADIO CHATTER tells us that "Apollo" is about to emerge from the Library. That ratchets everything up, a buzz building...

INT. NEW OTANI - WHCA ROOM - SAME

Siedow is standing right over Gooden now, scrutinizing the kid as the WHCA TEAM monitors all communications.

EXT. HOPE ST. STAGE/ROPE-LINE/CROWD - RESUMING

President Linden and Marquez emerge from the rear of the library to a huge ROAR. They bypass the stage, heading for the ROPE-LINE. Wilkie, right up front, begins to grin. *
*
*

But 20 yards away, Lucy CHANTS with her FELLOW PROTESTERS:

PROTESTERS (AND LUCY)
No More Years! No More Years!

A few of them now put on FAKE-LINDEN MASKS, gross caricatures of him. That draws a lot of attention from the COUNTER-SNIPER TEAMS on the scene. *
*
*

But Linden just smiles good-naturedly as his SUPPORTERS begin to BOO the Protesters. Marquez nods, one leader to another: *

MARQUEZ
I admire your good-humor in the face of derision.

LINDEN
Thank You, Alvaro. This year has given me plenty of practice.

Then Linden hits the rope-line: shaking hands, chatting - all of it up close. Poole is right on Linden's shoulder, his hand looped around the back of Linden's belt, just in case... *

INT. DURST'S 40TH FLOOR OFFICE - SAME

Durst opens a briefcase. Inside are SIX TREOS. He grabs one, begins to text something into it.

EXT. HOPE ST. - THE ROPE-LINE - RESUMING

Wilkie eyes *his* Treo. A message reads: "Green means go."

Linden is just a few feet away now... Wilkie turns his CLASS-RING around. Poole doesn't spot it.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - TACO RESTAURANT - RESUMING

Drew stands glumly... until something gets his attention:

A MANHOLE COVER, in the middle of the street. Drew stares at it. Then he turns, eyeing that p-t-z camera above the door.

Something just clicked. He pulls out his Cell-Phone.

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - SAME

Gurode points his CAMERA out the window.

GURODE

Hey, Ash. Mind if I call you Ash?

ASHBY

No, that's fine.

GURODE

I wanna take a picture of you. Would that be okay?

ASHBY

Sure. I'll just--
(his CELL-PHONE rings)

'Scuse me. Sorry.
(opens the cell)

This is Ashby.

INTERCUT WITH/Drew - outside the taco stand.

DREW (INTO CELL)

What good is a taco stand to an assassin who *isn't* staging out of it, or keeping weapons there?

ASHBY (INTO CELL)

Oh shit. We still on this?

DREW (INTO CELL)

...unless it gives him access to somewhere. Like the Underground.

That *didn't* sound crazy, which gives Ashby pause...

ASHBY (INTO CELL)
I'll call you back in a few.

EXT. HOPE ST. - ROPE-LINE - RESUMING

Linden continues to work the line. He's good with people. Poole and the other agents remain right on his shoulder.

20 yards away, Lucy and her fellow protesters continue the steady drumbeat of their chanting - despite being booed. Those Linden MASKS continue to draw plenty of attention.

*
*

Linden, just about to reach Wilkie, stops instead at the WOMAN NEXT TO WILKIE, who wants a picture. Big smile...

*
*

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND TACO RESTAURANT - SAME

Drew pulls out his sidearm and FIRES at the lock on the restaurant's back door. Then he enters...

EXT. HOPE ST. - ROPE-LINE - RESUMING

Wilkie's foot pumps with anticipation. Lucy keeps chanting. The Counter-Sniper Guys scan. Then Linden reaches Wilkie.

WILKIE
Real Honor, Mister President.

LINDEN
For me too. Thanks for coming!

And they shake hands.

*

INT. DURST'S 40TH FLOOR OFFICE - RESUMING

Durst removes the SIM CARD from his Treo, pocketing it.

*

EXT. HOPE ST. - ROPE-LINE - RESUMING

Linden and Marquez continue to greet the crowd. Wilkie calmly removes his Class Ring and drops it down a storm-drain.

...just as Tracy Burke approaches Linden on the rope-line:

BURKE
Mister President, we ought to begin the ceremony now.

LINDEN
Thank you, Tracy.

Up ahead are the stage steps. Linden graciously allows Marquez to go first; then Linden follows.

...but on the first step, he *falters* a bit.

It happens so quickly, the crowd doesn't even notice. Just a stumble, as if suddenly hit by minor dizziness, or nausea... But Poole is on him in an instant:

POOLE
Mister President?

Linden straightens up quickly, recovering.

LINDEN
It's nothing. I'm fine.

He waves to the crowd, all smiles. They cheer again...

INT. TACO RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - SAME

Drew enters, and instantly drops down to the floor, scanning it - looking under all the huge appliances in here.

EXT. HOPE ST. - STAGE/ROPELINE - SAME

Linden is one step from the stage... when he falters again, for real this time, the toxins taking effect. He staggers backward, losing his balance. Poole catches him. *

INT. TACO RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - RESUMING

Drew sees it, the shaft beneath the stove - access to the tunnels below. He straightens up quickly, as: *

EXT. HOPE ST. - STAGE/ROPELINE - RESUMING

Agents instantly swarm around Linden. His face is already sweaty, his breathing shallow.

POOLE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
Med-Action, Apollo. Med personnel to the stage for evaluation. Now.

INT. TACO RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - RESUMING

Drew heard that. Now he hears:

POOLE (THRU DREW'S EARPIECE)
Notify primary and secondary med facilities to stand by...

Uh-oh. Drew races out the door and into the alley...

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - SAME

Ashby hears the same thing. Gurode is busy taking PICTURES. *

ASHBY

Sorry, Mister Gurode, gonna hafta cut our ride short this morning.

GURODE

Something wrong?

ASHBY

Just need to get you back to your hotel.

GURODE

What if I don't wanna go back to my hotel!

EXT. HOPE ST. - LIBRARY EXIT/STAGE - SAME

TWO AGENTS push open the rear doors of the Library as a DOCTOR and NURSE race through, heading for the stage. Behind them is a MEDIC pushing a GURNEY.

A crowd-corridor is provided for them by MILITARY PERSONNEL. The Doctor and Nurse run toward the cadre of Agents surrounding the President. It all happens in seconds.

The Doctor reaches Linden, who sits against Poole on the ground. Huge commotion from the crowd, a feeling of panic.

LINDEN

Good God. What is this???

DOCTOR

Mister President, tell me what you're feeling.

LINDEN

Can't breathe. Nauseous...

Poole remains calm, in complete command:

POOLE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)

I want the football out of here. Get the Mil-Aide into the spare limo.

On cue, the MILITARY AIDE, an Army Lt. Colonel carrying a metal briefcase, is whisked into the library's rear entrance.

INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Ringler and the AGENTS in here are monitoring all this. The faces begin to tighten. Ringler grabs a secure phone:

RINGLER (INTO PHONE)
Be advised we have a medical
emergency. You have to deploy your
assets now.

EXT. TEMPLE STREET - MOVING - CONTINUING

Drew is now running up Temple Street, hearing all this... *

EXT. HOPE ST. - STAGE - RESUMING

The Doctor swabs Linden's mouth with COLOR-CODED TABS.

POOLE
What do you see? *

DOCTOR
He's negative for Anthrax and Ricin.
I don't know what it is.

POOLE
Okay, let's get him out of here.
Cover and Evacuate.

His team knows exactly what to do...

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - SAME

Ashby heard that. He pulls Limo 6 over to the curb.

ASHBY
Sorry, Sir. Gonna hafta let you out
here.

GURODE
What?!

ASHBY
The President is in crisis. Can't
have any civilians in the motorcade.

GURODE
But I'm part of the Motorcade now!
You said it yourself.

ASHBY
Need you to step out of the car now.

GURODE

Listen Buddy, the check I just wrote is double what you make in a year. If there's a crisis I wanna see it, up close, so you just--

...which is when Ashby throws him a look that is absolutely lethal - and Gurode, no dummy, falls silent.

ASHBY

(calmly)
Sir, I'm telling you to get out of the vehicle. I won't say it again.

Conversation over. Gurode sags. *

GURODE

(sulking)
I don't even have a picture of you.

He points his CAMERA at Ashby, who can't believe it.

ASHBY

Sir we're--

BANG-BANG-BANG. Three shots into Ashby's temple. That camera was a gun. Ashby slumps over, dead.

EXT. HOPE ST. - AT 6TH - CONTINUING

All the SPECTATORS, including Lucy, are pushed back. A sense of urgency in the air. Wilkie is swallowed by the crowd.

INT. DURST'S 40TH FLOOR OFFICE - RESUMING

Durst watches the commotion growing, 40 stories below.

EXT. TEMPLE STREET - MOVING - SAME

Drew continues to run up Temple Street toward Grand, hearing all the chatter in his earpiece. Then:

DREW (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)

Command from North. Be advised, I need a Protective Intel team on site at 327 Los Angeles Street. *

INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - SAME

No one up here is interested. Ringler just looks angry.

RINGLER (INTO MIKE)
North, stand by. We've got a medical emergency with Apollo.

DREW (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
Acknowledge, Sir. But I need a team to investigate a suspicious access--

RINGLER (INTO MIKE)
North, hold your traffic!

That ends that. Drew keeps running, darting across Temple, onto Grand Avenue, when he's nearly run over...

...by a huge TRUCK, which swerves to avoid him. The truck seems longer than normal, wider, as if it's been modified.

Bragg is at the wheel...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND OLIVE ST. - RESUMING

Wearing Ashby's earpiece, sleeve-mike, and tie, Gurode now looks very much like a Secret Service Agent. He drops Ashby's body behind a dumpster, climbs into Limo 6, and speeds off.

EXT. HOPE ST. - STAGE - MOVING - CONTINUING

Poole and his team form a protective bubble around the gurney as it is wheeled toward the rear entrance of the library.

POOLE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
Security Room, from Poole. Notify motorcade, get the secure package with Ambulance One in the lead. We're going to the primary hospital.

He and his team wheel Linden *into the library's rear entrance*. We CRANE UP, over the top of the building itself, then PAN RIGHT:

...to find the MOTORCADE at the front of the library - 30 vehicles. The President's AMBULANCE is rushed forward, as:

POOLE (CONT'D, O.S.)
Be advised we're taking Apollo into the library elevator on Basement-One. All strap-hangers take the stairs.

INT. DIRECTOR'S CRISIS CENTER - D.C. - SAME

War-room of the SECRET SERVICE. Director ROGER LIVESAY enters. A team of TEN OFFICIALS follows him in.

LIVESAY

Let's start the Continuity of Government protocols. Initiate protection for the Speaker of the House and the President Pro Tem of the Senate. Until we hear otherwise we're going to consider this Phase One of a terrorist attack...

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - CONTINUING

Driving now, Gurode notices a fleck of blood on the dash. Annoyed, he cleans it with a tissue, then tosses the tissue out the window, turning the Limo onto Grand Avenue...

...where he sees Drew, running down the street.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. GRAND AVE. - DREW - MOVING - CONTINUING

Drew turns, at just that moment, and sees Limo 6 approaching. Oddly, *its windows are down*.

Gurode hurriedly raises the windows as the Limo passes by.

Drew crouches down for a better look... seeing just a piece of Gurode. Then the windows go up.

DREW

Hey!

Gurode, a bit unnerved, is distracted enough to take his eye off the road for a second. Limo 6 drifts right...

...and clips the front end of a parked pick-up truck, shattering the TAIL-LIGHT on Limo 6's right side. Then Limo 6 speeds away.

Now Drew starts *sprinting*...

INT. LIBRARY - ELEVATOR - ASCENDING - SAME

In this elevator are Poole, two other AGENTS, Burke, the Doctor and Nurse - all surrounding Linden on the gurney.

POOLE

Can we rule out chem or bio?

DOCTOR

No.

POOLE

Can we rule out radiological?

DOCTOR

No.

POOLE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)

Command from Poole. Have Hammer Team meet us at the ambulance with all testing equipment. Be advised, have all Agents don protective gear at this time, and notify Hospital Agent we're going to need a quarantine bay set up at the E.R. with c-b-r gear. We do not know what this is yet.

INT. DURST'S 40TH-FLOOR OFFICE - RESUMING

Durst grabs another Treo from his briefcase...

EXT. GRAND AVENUE - DREW - MOVING - RESUMING

Drew, sprinting, pulls out his Cell. Hits speed-dial.

DREW

(to phone)

C'mon, Tommy. Pick up, Man.

He gets Ashby's voice-mail. Shit. He keeps running... *

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING (3RD AND GRAND) - SAME

Gurode calmly guides Limo 6 down Grand Avenue, then pulls to the curb on 4th Street. He checks his watch...

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN FLOOR - SAME

The elevator doors BURST OPEN and Linden is hurriedly wheeled out of the elevator, into the Library Lobby. Poole leans in: *

POOLE

We're with you, Mister President.
Ambulance is right outside that door.
You're gonna be fine.

LINDEN

(shaky, scared) *

Call my wife. Can I talk to my wife?

POOLE

We'll call her from the ambulance.
You're gonna be fine...

INT. DURST'S 40TH-FLOOR OFFICE - RESUMING

Durst begins to punch some numbers into his Treo...

EXT. GRAND AVE. - AT 4TH ST. - SAME

Bragg parks that huge truck in front of the USBANK building.

100 feet away, Drew races across 4th street. He reaches for his CELL-PHONE again when he sees Limo 6, parked. He turns, heading right at it... *

INT. LIBRARY - LOBBY - RESUMING *

TIGHT on Linden, struggling to breathe... as: *

INT. DURST'S 40TH-FLOOR OFFICE - RESUMING

Durst punches one last number into his Treo... *

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - GAS MAIN - SAME

...and that tiny RECEIVER atop the plastique blinks. Then, in a BLINDING FLASH: *

EXT. 5TH STREET - LIBRARY - SAME

The world ERUPTS...

It's a GIGANTIC EXPLOSION, 5th Street cratering instantly as a huge FIREBALL pushes everything in its path up and out.

The whole motorcade is wiped out, vans and limos and Suburbans tossed aside or sucked into a GIANT SINKHOLE, as:

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - SAME

Everything is blown sideways, including the team surrounding the President. They were 100 feet from the 5th Street entrance a second ago. Now they're 150 feet away.

EXT. GRAND AVE - AT 4TH ST. - SAME

The explosion knocks Drew off his feet mid-stride. His cell-phone flies from his hand. All around him, glass shatters.

EXT. HOPE ST. - AT 6TH - SAME

Lucy and the crowd scream as the FIREBALL rises over the other side of the library. Perfect chaos. Lucy starts to run. *

...as Wilkie disappears around a corner, gone forever...

INT. INT'L CURRENCY TRADING HOUSE - RESUMING

OFFICE WORKERS run to the window to see what happened below. Durst casually drifts through...

INT. NEW OTANI - LEEDS' ROOM - RESUMING

Leeds can SEE the fireball through the window of his room.
But he can't do a damn thing about it...

INT. NEW OTANI - WHCA ROOM - RESUMING

Siedow's Comm-Team is now under instant pressure: *

PRIVATE GOODEN
Sir what the Hell was...?

CAPT. SIEDOW
Okay. Let's roll-call. Have all site
agents account for their personnel...

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - RESUMING

Poole scrambles on hands and knees through smoke and dust:

POOLE
Mister President! Mister President!

There's Linden's gurney, toppled. Poole gets to it, sets the
gurney upright. Linden nods weakly, still alive.

The Doctor and Nurse get to their feet as well. But 5th
Street, where their motorcade had been, is now gone. *

EXT. 5TH STREET - LIBRARY - SAME

What used to be 5th is now a flaming hole 100 yards long. The
front half of the library has buckled. Both buildings facing
it have lost windows from their bottom ten floors.

Overtured vehicles, lots of smoke. Then that huge FIREBALL
is *sucked back into the sinkhole* with a violent WHOOSH. *

EXT. HOPE ST. - SAME *

Lucy runs through a frightened CROWD. Again she tries to
place a cell-phone call. Again it fails. Ten feet away a
WOMAN falls and is nearly trampled. Lucy stops to help. *

INT. INT'L TRADING HOUSE - 40TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - SAME

As people hurry for the stairwells, Durst calmly enters a
FREIGHT ELEVATOR all by himself...

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - FIELD LEVEL - SAME

Employees and Secret Service teams watch in stunned silence
as the news is broadcast over the JumboTron. *

Images of 5th Street cratered, the motorcade destroyed; it's scary... But the Secret Service guys just look angry. *

EXT. WALKWAY - BEHIND LIBRARY - SAME *

Linden's gurney emerges from the blown-out library, pushed onto this walkway by Poole, the Doctor, and the Nurse. No one else from the "bubble" is here. But Poole remains calm:

POOLE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
Command, from Poole. Be advised, Apollo is safe - but Primary Motorcade is inoperable. Repeat: motorcade is inoperable. Need an alternate vehicle brought to the Grand Avenue exit for transit to Primary Hospital. Copy?

INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - RESUMING

Ringler, headset on:

RINGLER (INTO HEADSET)
Command. Copy.

Ringler has REPS from LAPD and COUNTY SHERIFF'S up here:

RINGLER (CONT'D)
I need all available police and sheriff vehicles on scene to support the backup motorcade. Post 89.

LAPD REP and SHERIFF'S REP start working *their* radios now:

LAPD REP (INTO RADIO)	SHERIFF'S REP (INTO RADIO)	*
Unit 56, Unit 83, Unit 96,	Unit 23, Unit 27, Unit 61,	*
report code to Post 89 for	report code to Post 89 for	*
motorcade support.	motorcade support.	*

Ringler turns to another agent, VELEZ:

RINGLER
Ashby's in the Shadow Motorcade, right?

VELEZ
Yes Sir.

RINGLER (INTO RADIO)
Ashby from Ringler. Be advised Primary has been taken out. Need you to respond to Post 89 to transport Apollo. Do you copy?
(MORE)

RINGLER (INTO RADIO) (cont'd)
 (a beat...)
 Ashby. Do you copy?

An anxious silence... until he hears back:

ASHBY (THRU RADIO)
 Command from Ashby. Copy.

Ringler nods, relieved. But:

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - SAME

Of course, that's not Ashby talking. It's Gurode. Turns out, *
 he does a *great Ashby imitation* too: *

GURODE ("ASHBY", CONT'D)
 Be advised Limo 6 is operational and
 en route to 89...

EXT. GRAND AVENUE - AT 4TH ST. - RESUMING

Drew, on his feet but still wobbly, just heard that *
transmission. Things are starting to click now. Oh no... *

And there's Limo 6, returning to Grand Ave. Drew can see it *
 from here. He hears: *

GURODE (THRU DREW'S EARPIECE)
 Estimate arrival in 30 seconds.

God no. Drew takes off again, no time to retrieve his lost
 cell-phone, shouting:

DREW
Don't let him get in that car! Don't
let him get in that car!

No one hears him - too much panic and chaos out here.

DREW (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
 Command from North. Be advised,
unauthorized driver in Limo 6!
 Repeat! Unauthorized driver in Limo
 6! Copy!

Nothing comes back. He races toward Limo 6, as:

EXT. 4TH STREET - USBANK BUILDING - SAME

Durst emerges from the building. Idling at the curb is that
 huge TRUCK, with Bragg at the wheel. Durst approaches.

INT. D.C. - DIRECTOR'S CRISIS CENTER - SAME

Director Livesay and his team watch from 3,000 miles away.

LIVESAY (INTO SPEAKER-PHONE)
 Los Angeles, we need to determine the
 medical condition of the President.
 Does he need to be hospitalized or
 can we get him to Air Force One for
 evac?

EXT. GRAND AVENUE - BTW. 5TH & 6TH - CONTINUING

Poole and the Doctor and Nurse push the gurney to the curb on *
 Grand Avenue, amid a sea of panic and debris. *

...just as Gurode steers Limo 6 past the massive sinkhole
that is 5th Street, pulling up to the curb on Grand and
 skidding to a stop. Poole throws open the right rear door:

POOLE
 Primary hospital! Primary hospital!

They haul Linden into the Limo. *

EXT. GRAND AVENUE - AT 5TH - CONTINUING

Drew is close enough to see Linden being shoved into Limo 6.
 He runs even faster, desperate to get there:

DREW
Don't let him get in that car! Don't
let him get in that car!

But Limo 6 pulls away amid smoke and shattered glass. *

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - RESUMING

The Doctor and Nurse tend to Linden as: *

POOLE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
 Command from Poole. Need Support
 Motorcade at Grand and--

...then Poole looks up, and sees something horrible:

BANG. Gurode, still driving, shoots Poole in the head. Dead.

The Doctor turns at the sound. Gurode shoots him too. The
 Nurse throws her body over that of the President...

Gurode shoots her in the back, pulling Limo 6 onto 6th St.

EXT. GRAND AVE. - AT LIBRARY - SAME

Drew arrives at the curb. Now what? He needs a car, fast. *

Just then, a break: he sees Lucy, running to her Del Sol. She looks scared out of her wits. Drew sprints for the car...

INT. LUCY'S DEL SOL - CONTINUING

Lucy, panicked, jumps into the passenger-seat, looking for something amid the clutter. She finds it, a video camera.

...just as Drew jumps in behind the wheel - startling her.

DREW
Gimme your keys.

LUCY
What?!

DREW
Keys! I'm commandeering this vehicle!
(Lucy is shaking)
The President's been kidnapped. Give
me the keys and get out of the
vehicle.

LUCY
What just happened?! What is all
this? *

DREW
Just give me the keys!

She hands him the keys but stays inside the Del Sol. Around her there is panic, smoke, injury, the wail of SIRENS. *

LUCY
Go. *

(off his look:)

I'm not staying here! Go! *

Drew has no time to argue. He starts the car and peels out, trying his sleeve-mike again:

DREW (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
Command from North. Be advised,
unauthorized driver in Limo 6.
Repeat, unauthorized driver in Limo
6. Need all available to units to
intercept Limo 6. *

EXT. OLIVE ST. - SAME

On cue, a team of FOUR BLACK HUMVEES thunders around a corner in pursuit.

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - SAME

Limo 6 barrels down 6th Street, heading East. Linden is barely breathing, his body nearly buried beneath three other bodies now. Gurode turns up Hill Street. *

GURODE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
Command from Ashby. Heading North on Hill toward Third Street Tunnel. Need it sealed behind me.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Ringler eyes an electronic map.

RINGLER (INTO RADIO)
Copy Ashby. North on Hill to 3rd Street Tunnel. We'll seal it off behind you.

Gurode has to fight off a smile, as:

GURODE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
Copy. Also be advised, Agent Poole's radio is no longer operational...

EXT. 3RD ST. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - SAME

The 3RD STREET TUNNEL runs beneath Downtown between Hill and Flower. Dark and quiet in there, no traffic at all.

...until that HUGE TRUCK bearing Durst and Bragg casually approaches, disappearing into the TUNNEL...

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - SAME

Drew guns the Del Sol down 6th Street, heading for Hill.

DREW
I need your cell-phone.

LUCY
Please tell me what this is! Are we under attack? *

DREW
We're in a situation. I need your cell-phone. *

LUCY
It's not working.

DREW
What?!

LUCY
It died an hour ago.

DREW
Died how?

LUCY
They cut me off.
(Drew doesn't get it)
I'm sorry! I'm on a plan and I used
up all my minutes. They cut me off
when I get behind on the payments.

DREW
You're kidding.

She's not. He grabs the phone, dials. An AUTOMATED VOICE
interrupts: "You have exceeded the..." He's at a loss.

LUCY
I'm sorry. I didn't know this was
gonna happen!

Drew doesn't answer, just keeps driving...

EXT. 3RD ST. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - SAME

Limo 6 now *vanishes inside the 3rd St. Tunnel.*

...as TWO LAPD SQUADCARS race to the mouth of the tunnel,
throwing themselves into power slides to block all access to
the tunnel behind Limo 6.

INT. 3RD ST. TUNNEL - TRACKING LIMO 6 - CONTINUING

The Truck and Limo 6 are now the only vehicles in the tunnel.
The Truck slows as Gurode races Limo 6 toward it.

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - CONTINUING

The Truck has a modified CONSOLE that looks like something
out of Mission Control. Durst hits a button, and:

INT. TUNNEL - TRACKING THE TRUCK - CONTINUING

*The back-gate of the truck's trailer opens hydraulically -
(two doors, opening out.)*

A RAMP extends from the truck, sending SPARKS all over the road. Gurode drives Limo 6 toward the ramp... *

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - RESUMING

Drew speeds up Hill Street. Then, a relief: in his rear-view, he sees those FOUR BLACK HUMVEES, speeding toward him.

DREW

Good.

He turns left onto 3rd:

EXT. 3RD ST. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUING

Whoops. He nearly hits the LAPD SQUADCARS blocking the tunnel entrance. The COPS instantly draw weapons on the Del Sol. *

GUN-DRAWING COPS

Out of the car! Show me your hands!

Drew reaches for his Commission Book. *

DREW

I'm Secret Serv--

...when a horrible sound stops him short: TIRES, skidding on pavement... And GUNFIRE.

That SQUADRON OF HUMVEES now tears around the corner, opening fire on the two LAPD Squadcars. Lucy screams. *

Drew grabs her, covers her with his body, and hits the gas.

INT. TUNNEL - TRACKING LIMO 6 - RESUMING

Gurode drives Limo 6 *up that moving ramp, and inside the trailer.* Not surprisingly, it too has been modified: *inside the trailer is a DOUBLE-DECK CAR-PARK.*

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - MOVING - CONTINUING

On the top deck is ANOTHER LIMO, *identical to Limo 6.* (We'll call this the DUMMY LIMO.) The bottom deck is empty - save for a large hanging CURTAIN. Gurode parks in front of it.

He hops out, throws open the rear door of Limo 6 and pulls out the body of Agent Poole...

INT. DEL SOL - RESUMING

The firefight continues between the Cops and the Humvees - which, we now see, are armored. Bullets are flying. *

...as Drew tries to get the Del Sol through the tiny space between the edge of Squadcar #1 and the tunnel wall. He manages, barely, the Del Sol vanishing into the tunnel.

*
*
*

INT. DUMMY LIMO - INSIDE THE TRAILER - RESUMING

Agent Poole's body now lies in the back of the *Dummy Limo*, with an OXYGEN MASK over his face to obscure his identity. Gurode, behind the wheel, hits a REMOTE, and:

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - MOVING - CONTINUING

The *top shelf of this car-park* now extends hydraulically into a ramp as well - all of this while the truck is still rolling through the tunnel.

Gurode puts the Dummy Limo in reverse and floors it, flying down that ramp and into:

INT. TUNNEL - BEHIND THE TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUING

Dummy Limo hits pavement. Gurode throws it into drive. The RAMP folds back into the trailer of the truck. The rear gate doors shut hydraulically.

*

Just like that, it looks like an innocent 18-wheeler again...

INT. TUNNEL - TRACKING THE DEL SOL - CONTINUING

Drew is too far behind to have seen any of this. From here he just sees the outlines of the truck, heavily backlit by sun from the other end of the tunnel. He red-lines the Del Sol.

LUCY

My mom will call me. I can still get calls. She calls me every ten minutes when something's happening on CNN.

*
*
*
*

DREW

Just need you to stay calm.

INT. TRIAGE TENT - SAME

We're in a TRIAGE TENT of some kind. It has a bed, i.v., machines to measure heart and lung function. EVERYTHING.

...even a Doctor - named VIJAY DAS, (53, Indian, weary.) He rises, throws back a hanging a curtain:

...revealing Limo 6 - because this Triage Tent is *inside* the trailer of Durst's truck. Das approaches the Limo.

*
*

EXT. 3RD ST. TUNNEL EXIT - AT FLOWER ST. - SAME

The Truck emerges into sunshine. TEN MOTORCYCLE COPS ignore it, unaware that Linden is inside. Instead, they're watching: *

...the Dummy Limo, which emerges from the tunnel - instantly picking up *all of these cops as a convoy*. We hear: *

GURODE (O.S., THRU RADIOS)
Command from Ashby. Be advised I'm proceeding to the 110 North, en route to Primary Hospital. Have picked up support motorcade.

He speeds west on 3rd, heading for the on-ramp of the 110 Freeway, with those ten motorcycles now in the lead.

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - SAME

A block back, the Del Sol emerges from the tunnel, unnoticed. *

LUCY
Is he gonna be okay? *

DREW
He's gonna be fine. *

LUCY
He must be so scared. Do you think he's scared? *

DREW
Being scared doesn't help anything. *

Drew races the Del Sol across Flower, then Figueroa... *

INT. NEW OTANI - LEEDS' ROOM - RESUMING

Leeds is glued to CNN, watching live coverage of the crisis.

INT. LIMO 6 - INSIDE THE TRUCK TRAILER - SAME

The limo door opens. Dr. Das climbs in, grabs Linden - who is alive but too weakened to resist - and pulls him by the shoulders toward the triage tent.

EXT. 3RD ST. - AT THE 110 ON-RAMP - MOVING - SAME

The convoy leads the Dummy Limo to the on-ramp of the 110 North, sirens screaming. NEWSCHOPPERS circle overhead.

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - SAME

Drew pulls closer, just has to get to that Limo. He's 100 feet behind it as it banks on to the 110 North, when he sees something that throws him: *

The taillight of the Limo. It's not shattered.

Wait. *How is that possible?* He's at a loss.

Just then, that huge TRUCK - heretofore unknown to him - heads on to the 110 going south. Oh Shit...

Drew makes a snap decision, following the 18-wheeler. *

LUCY
What're you doing?

DREW
Shut up.

LUCY
What're you doing?

DREW
Shut up!

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT - ABOVE THE FREEWAY ON-RAMPS - SAME

CHOPPERS watch from above as the Dummy Limo and its convoy head North on the 110. The world is following this Limo.

...which is carrying the body of Agent Poole.

...while an 18-wheeler carrying the President plows innocently to the south, trailed by no more than a Del Sol. *

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

Lucy looks to him: "Why did you just do that?" *

DREW
He's in the truck.
(Lucy doesn't get it)
The taillight on that limo should be broken. He's in the truck!

He grabs his BADGE and extends his arm out the window, as: *

INT. NEW OTANI - LEEDS' ROOM - RESUMING

Leeds stiffens - just saw something odd on the tv:

Just before CNN's SKY-CAM panned to the north, following that new motorcade, it caught a glimpse of two vehicles heading on to the 110 South. One was a truck. The other...

...was a Del Sol, with a PEACE SIGN on its rear window... *

...and someone sticking something *shiny* out of the driver's side window. Could that have been... a badge? *

Leeds thinks so. And he knows that Del Sol.

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - TRIAGE TENT - SAME

Das restrains the President's wrists and feet to an anchored hospital bed, then starts an I.V. line...

INT. NEW OTANI - LEEDS' ROOM - RESUMING

Leeds dials on a SECURE PHONE. Agent Velez answers.

VELEZ (THRU PHONE)
Command. Velez.

LEEDS (INTO PHONE)
This is Leeds. Have all agents been accounted for?

VELEZ (THRU PHONE)
No. We're roll-calling now.

LEEDS (INTO PHONE)
Has Drew North checked in?

VELEZ (THRU PHONE)
No. We think he was lost in the explosion.

But Leeds knows better...

LEEDS (INTO PHONE)
He was ten blocks away...

Leeds hangs up, dials an outside number:

EXT. GRAND AVENUE - SAME

Lying in a gutter among debris, Drew's cell-phone begins to RING. In the chaos, no one notices. *

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - SAME

Drew tails the truck, his mind racing. He throws on KNX-1070.

LUCY
So do we pull over now? Call
somebody?

DREW
Can't do that.

LUCY
Why not?

DREW
In the time it took me to i.d. myself
and convince the Duty Desk I wasn't
crazy, that truck could be gone on
any one of three freeways... We just
have to stay on his tail and wave
down some help another way.

LUCY
Then, can I get out? *

DREW
A second ago you wanted to stay in. *

LUCY
I know, I'm sorry. I was so scared. I
just wanted to get away before
anything else blew up. But now I'm-- *

DREW
Sorry. We can't stop. *

LUCY
It's my car. *

DREW
Not at the moment. *

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - TRIAGE TENT - SAME

We're tight on Durst, who is suddenly leaning over us:

DURST
Good Morning.

He SNAPS a FLASH picture - POP! - and we're seeing blue...

REVERSE ANGLE as Linden blinks the blue away... to find
himself hooked up to ten machines - with two strangers,
(Durst and Dr. Das) hovering over him.

Groggy, Linden tries to move his arms but can't. *

DURST (CONT'D)

The effects of the toxin will be gone soon; Doctor Das has already given you an antidote. Is there anything else we can do to make you more comfortable?

*

LINDEN

You're an American.

(Durst doesn't reply)

I thought you'd have an accent.

DURST

Sorry to disappoint you.

Mounted above the bed is a TELEVISION, like you'd find in any hospital room. Durst uses a remote to turn it on, as:

LINDEN

Do you have a name?

DURST

As far as you're concerned, my name is God. I decide if you live or die.

LINDEN

There's an Army coming after you - don't you know that?

*
*

DURST

Is that a fact?

On that mounted tv is CNN. Durst hits a button and the tv instead receives a *video feed from outside this truck*, a view of the traffic behind us:

*
*
*

No Army out there. Not even a patrol car. Just sparse everyday traffic, (the Del Sol seems unremarkable from here.)

Durst grins. Linden tries not to sag...

LINDEN

What is this? What's all this about?

Durst considers that, a long beat. Then he leans in, and:

DURST

Arrogance.

EXT. TRUCK - BEHIND THE CAB - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Like everything else on this truck, the space between the trailer and the cab has been modified.

Durst emerges from a HATCH built into the front end of the trailer, stepping onto a PLATFORM connecting the trailer to the cab, which also has a hatch. He steps through:

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - CONTINUING

Durst enters, sits. A SECURITY MONITOR on the dash gives him a live feed from inside the trailer. He nods to Bragg, as:

EXT. FWY. 110/10 INTERCHANGE - MOVING - DAY

The truck exits the 110, on to the 10 East...

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - RESUMING

Drew's eyes never leave the back of that truck.

DREW

Now where's he going?

He follows the truck on to the 10, passing a CALL-BOX.

LUCY

We just passed a Call-Box. *

DREW

I saw it.

LUCY

Thought you might've missed it.

DREW

I didn't. *

LUCY

Please let me out. You don't even have to stop, anything under twenty is okay, I'll just jump out. But I don't wanna get killed chasing some truck-- *

DREW

Hey. I'm sorry you don't like him - don't like his politics. Whatever. But that's your President in there. *

LUCY

I know who he is. *

Drew keeps his eyes on that truck... *

INT. NEW OTANI - LEEDS' ROOM - SAME *

Leeds grabs the tiny NOTEPAD he was carrying yesterday,
rifles through it. *

Bingo: his notes on the Honda Del Sol, with a license plate
number and a name. Lucy Calvo...

INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - SAME *

Ringler and the others are monitoring CNN's coverage of the
Dummy Limo as it speeds up the 110 with its convoy. *

RINGLER
Have we established the Quarantine
Bay at the Hospital? *

VELEZ
Done. C-B-R teams in place. *

Ringler looks to the tv: the Dummy Limo... *

RINGLER
(to no one)
Step on it, Ashby... *

INT. DUMMY LIMO - MOVING - SAME

Gurode drives the Dummy Limo toward the 101 Fwy. with
MOTORCYCLES fore and aft and CHOPPERS overhead. His cell-
phone rings. He grabs it. *

GURODE (INTO CELL)
(Ashby's voice)
Hello.

Then he corrects himself, using his own voice now:

GURODE (CELL, CONT'D)
Sorry. Hello.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. TRUCK - CAB - RESUMING

Durst, speaking into yet another Treo:

DURST (INTO CELL)
Have you hit the overpass yet?

GURODE (INTO CELL)
Hitting it now.

DURST (INTO CELL)
 Good. You'll have about two minutes
 at the hospital to get away. In the
 commotion, that ought to be enough.

GURODE (INTO CELL)
 Got it.

DURST (INTO CELL)
 You've done good work, Mark. I want
 you know how much I appreciate it.

That strikes Gurode as an odd thing to say...

GURODE (INTO CELL)
 Huh?
 (no reply)
 Carl?

Durst sighs, dials three digits into that Treo... *

...as Gurode guides the Dummy Limo onto the 101 OVERPASS... *

GURODE (CELL, CONT'D) *
 Carl? Are you there?

...but just then:

EXT. 101 - ABOVE THE OVERPASS - MOVING - SAME

Boom. The Dummy Limo EXPLODES, a huge BLAST. The MOTORCYCLE
 COPS escorting it are blown off their bikes.

The Limo, a FIREBALL now, tumbles off the overpass, then
 falls through the air, crashing to Earth below.

The motorcade SCREECHES to a halt, Cops and Sheriffs and
 Chopper Pilots looking on in stunned horror as their
 Commander in Chief - they think - is vaporized.

INT. D.C. - DIRECTOR'S CRISIS CENTER - SAME

Disaster. Livesay and everyone in here just stare.

INT. NEW OTANI - LEEDS' ROOM - SAME

Leeds is in the middle of looking through his notes from
 yesterday... when he sees the shocking images on CNN.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - FIELD LEVEL - SAME

Secret Service Agents stare at the JumboTron; the feeling of
 failure is total. Stadium workers remove their caps.

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - SAME

*

Drew and Lucy hear it all via radio:

KNX NEWS ANCHOR (THRU CAR-RADIO)
 My God! I... there's been a huge explosion! The President's limo has just erupted in flames as it was heading on to the 101, just exploding out of nowhere, then tumbling off the overpass and crashing on to the pavement below. It's still completely engulfed. The motorcade has come to a standstill on the overpass, police and sheriffs who just seconds before had been providing an escort for the President to the hospital, some of them knocked sideways by the blast. Just an awful, sudden disaster...

Lucy looks rocked. Very.

*

LUCY
 What-do-we-do-now?

DREW
 Same as before. We stay on the truck.

LUCY
 Didn't you hear that? He's dead.

DREW
 He's right in front of us. They're kidnapping him.

*
 *

LUCY
 You don't know that.

*
 *

DREW
 I know that.

*
 *

LUCY
 What if you're wrong? What if he's dead?

*
 *
 *

DREW
 I told you: being scared doesn't help anything. Just let me do my job, okay? The explosion was there to get everyone looking the wrong way.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

(Lucy's reeling)
 Understand? We're all he's got.

*
 *

Lucy is completely unnerved now. She's sitting on a secret but scared as Hell to admit it...

*
*

LUCY
This is so bad...

*
*

KNX NEWS ANCHOR (THRU CAR-RADIO)
...the Vice-President is currently on his way home from a fact-finding tour in Afghanistan, expected to be back over American airspace in less than two hours. We are told that Air Force Two has been advised of the President's death, and that the Continuity of Government Program has been implemented...

Up ahead, the 18-wheeler veers off the 10, and onto the 60 freeway, heading east toward Pomona. Drew follows.

*
*

DREW
You wanna mourn somebody? Mourn all the cops and agents that died outside that Library trying to protect him. The president is alive.

*
*
*
*
*

LUCY
But you don't know.

*
*

DREW
I know. He's alive. He's supposed to throw out the first pitch at the All-Star game tonight, and I'm going to get him there. That's all there is.

*
*
*
*
*

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - TRIAGE TENT - SAME

*

Linden stares at the images on CNN, shocked. Then his overhead tv is switched off.

*
*

...by Durst, who is now at the foot of Linden's bed.

*

DURST
That ends that. Get some rest.

*
*

He casually glances at the readout from Linden's EKG machine as Linden studies him. A long beat...

*
*

LINDEN
You're one of ours. Aren't you.

*
*

Durst turns, smiles an amused smile.

*

LINDEN (CONT'D) *
American military. We trained you. *

DURST *
What makes you think that? *

LINDEN *
I'm around soldiers all day. They all *
have the same kind of... certitude *
you have. *

DURST *
My soldiering days are over. *

LINDEN *
Oh really? *

Durst moves on to a new machine, Linden watching him... *

LINDEN (CONT'D) *
Tell me then: where did we lose you? *
(Durst sighs, annoyed) *
Nobody's mercenary enough to be a *
part of all this just for money. The *
country must've lost you somewhere. *
So where was it? Was it me? *

DURST *
I guess if I had to pinpoint the *
actual moment it would be... *
("struggling...") *
Gosh, I think it would have to be the *
day Ellen DeGeneres went gay. I *
really haven't known what to believe *
in since then. *

Das, just a few feet away, chuckles. Linden doesn't. *

DURST (CONT'D) *
Do you really want a list? *

LINDEN *
I do. I always want to know where *
we're coming up short. *

That was sincere - which Durst finds pretty laughable. *

DURST *
I'm almost tempted to educate you. *

INT. CHALET - GENEVA - NIGHT *

DerMeer is watching CNN in the office of his plush chalet. *

An e-mail pops up on his computer. He opens it... and sees a thrilling image: *the President, bound at the hands and feet, on a gurney in the triage tent of the truck.*

*
*
*

It's all going just as he'd hoped...

*

INT. NEW OTANI - CORRIDOR/WHCA ROOM - DAY

Leeds crutches his way down the hall, carrying a piece of paper. He looks focused, determined.

He barges into the WHCA ROOM, where Captain Siedow and his team of four continue to monitor all "comm". It's somber in here, but efficient.

Leeds zeros in on the first guy he sees, Private Gooden, dropping the piece of paper onto Gooden's laptop:

LEEDS

I need an emergency call put in to the DMV to pull all contact information on this vehicle and its owner.

PRIVATE GOODEN

Sir, I'd need an official--

*

Leeds, cast and all, grabs him:

LEEDS

I'm the official! It concerns the attack on the President. So do it!

PRIVATE GOODEN

(to Siedow)

Sir?

*
*

CAPT. SIEDOW

If an Agent asks for something, Private, it doesn't require discussion - or prayer. We do it.

LEEDS

Thank you.

Siedow nods, one pro to another. Leeds backs out...

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - DAY

Drew and Lucy drive in stony silence.

*

DREW

Why is he on this freeway?

*
*

LUCY
Huh?

DREW
Why isn't he heading south, toward
the border? What the hell is on the
60?
(Lucy doesn't know)
Do you have a GPS on this thing?

LUCY
No.

DREW
Road map? Thomas Brothers Guide?
(she doesn't)
How the hell do you get from one
protest to another? Smoke signals?!

She tightens... until:

LUCY
I'm going to tell you something.
Okay?
(he waits...)
But you have to promise you're not
gonna freak out or shoot me or
something, because I'm really scared.

DREW
Okay.

LUCY
I'm in the middle of something and I
don't know what it is.

Little alarm bells just started pinging inside him...

DREW
If you tell me, maybe I can help you.

She shuts her eyes... then lets it fly:

LUCY
I'm-not-really-a-protester. I-was-
paid-to-be-out-there. I'm-an-actress.

Oh. Drew tries not to react at all. It's an effort.

DREW
Keep going.

LUCY

I thought it was just a political stunt, to make the President look bad. That's all they said about it.

DREW

Who're "they"?

LUCY

A guy. I have his name. He put an ad in "Backstage", with auditions like any other job. I didn't know any of this was going to happen.

DREW

And the others who were with you?

LUCY

Strangers. Other actors. I never met them before this morning.

(hesitant...)

Do you think... Were we a part of this?

DREW

I think you were there to provide a distraction. And you did.

LUCY

Oh my God! Oh my God! It was just a paycheck! I didn't--

DREW

I need to know everything about the people who hired you. Names, descriptions, where you met them, what was written on the check. Everything.

LUCY

I'm not a criminal. I love this country as much as you do!

DREW

I'll be sure to put that in my report.

Before Lucy can reply, Drew suddenly swerves the Del Sol to the right. Wildly. Then to the left. Lucy hangs on.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

She just noticed: he's eyeing something in the rear-view. *

DREW
Getting us some help. *

EXT. 60 FWY. - MOVING - CONTINUING

100 yards *behind* the swerving Del Sol we find a CHP CRUISER, doing its regular route on the 60. *

INT. CHP CRUISER - MOVING - CONTINUING

OFFICER CAFFEY is inside. He's a kid, maybe 25, friendly by nature. Caffey sees the Del Sol waving all over the road and instantly speeds toward it, lights flashing.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

Lucy turns, sees the CHP Cruiser approaching. Big smile.

LUCY
Good! Thank you!

...as Drew straightens out the Del Sol while sticking his hand out of the window.

BACK TO CAFFEY, who now sees something he wasn't expecting: Drew, *using his hand to wave the Cruiser up.*

Irrked, Caffey switches on his roof-mounted loudspeaker:

CAFFEY (THRU LOUDSPEAKER)
Pull your vehicle to the side of the road.

BACK TO THE DEL SOL, where Drew now sticks his SECRET SERVICE CREDITS out the window, holding them up for Caffey to see.

Is that a badge? Caffey pulls the Cruiser forward:

EXT. 60 FWY - THE DEL SOL & THE CRUISER - MOVING - SAME

Caffey swings alongside the Del Sol. Drew holds up the badge again, shouting out his window: *

DREW
I'm Secret Service!

CAFFEY
(shouts back)
Sir, I'm gonna hafta ask you to pull your vehicle to the side of the--

DREW
I'm Secret Service! The President is
 inside that truck!

Two cars, side by side at 60 m.p.h.:

*

CAFFEY
I'm not going to ask you again, Sir!
 Pull the hell over!

Drew pulls his EARPIECE, shows it.

DREW
Special Agent North, Riverside
 office. The President is inside that
 truck! I need your help.

CAFFEY
The President is dead!

DREW
That was a fake! The real limo is
 inside that truck!

Caffey's not sold yet. He looks at the Del Sol, at Lucy...

DREW (CONT'D)
She's a civilian! I commandeered her
 vehicle to maintain pursuit.

LUCY
 (also shouting:)
It's true!

Caffey studies them, weighing all this.

CAFFEY
Throw me your creds.

DREW
What?!

CAFFEY
Throw me your creds! I wanna see 'em.

Drew hates the idea, but he swings a little closer, and tosses his creds out the window, into Caffey's lap. Caffey examines them. Carefully.

*

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - RESUMING

Drew awaits a verdict, while trying to keep an eye on that truck... until Caffey *tosses Drew's creds back* and calls out:

*

CAFFEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Tell me what you know.

Relief floods Drew's face. Lucy's too.

DREW

It's--

But he STOPS, right there - just saw something awful:

A DEVICE, metallic and round, was just *tossed out of the cab of the truck*, landing flat and plugging in the middle of the road. Caffey, his eyes on Drew, doesn't see it. But:

DREW (cont'd)

Bomb!

CAFFEY

What?

DREW

Bomb!

...as the Cruiser rolls right over the device.

...and it detonates - a HUGE EXPLOSION. *

EXT. 60 FWY. - MOVING - CONTINUING

The blast knocks the Del Sol sideways. Caffey's Cruiser slams end over end along the highway at 60 mph, a flaming frame. *

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

Drew struggles to get the Honda back on the road, then floors it, leaving the torched Cruiser behind. Lucy is horrified.

LUCY

Aren't we gonna go back for him?

DREW

He's gone.

LUCY

You don't know that.

DREW

He's gone.

LUCY

What if he isn't?

DREW

He's a cop. He'd say "Go get the truck. Get the bastards in the truck!" That's what we're gonna do.

*

Enough of this shit already: Drew pulls the Del Sol alongside the truck... and draws his sidearm.

*

*

Before Lucy can say a word, he FIRES at the rear right TIRE on the truck. A direct hit. Lucy recoils from the noise.

*

... but somehow, incredibly, *the tire isn't damaged.*

Drew fires again. Another dead hit. But once again, no damage. In fact, the truck isn't even trying to evade him.

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - TRIAGE TENT - SAME

Linden hears the shots. So does Das.

*

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - SAME

Durst hears them too. But he seems unworried.

INT. DEL SOL - RESUMING

Drew fires again. And again. Fucking tires are bulletproof.

LUCY

Stop!

DREW

They must be puncture-proof.

LUCY

Then stop shooting! You're just gonna make them mad!

*

*

He's about to answer - when Lucy pales: Oh no...

*

...as another of those round metal devices is tossed out of the truck's cab, this one planting itself in the road right in front of us. 3,2,1...

*

DREW

Hang on!

He swerves hard to the left, just as THE DEVICE BLOWS.

EXT. 60 FWY. - THE DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

The blast blows out the windows on Lucy's side and slams the Del Sol into the K-RAILS lining the freeway divider.

*

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

It's a brutal bounce off of solid cement. Lucy screams, Drew's trying to control the car. *

DREW
Are you hit?! Are you hit?!

LUCY
I don't know!

She's covered in glass now, and scared out of her wits. He gets the Del Sol back into a lane.

DREW
Anything in your eyes? *

LUCY
I don't know.

DREW
Let me look. *

She turns, trembling. Air blows through what used to be her window. He looks her over, keeping one eye on the road.

DREW (CONT'D)
Okay. You're okay. You're not hit.
Just got a little glass in your hair.
Let me get it. Can I do that?

She nods, still shaky. He tries to calm her:

DREW (CONT'D)
We're okay. We're okay.

LUCY
We're not okay!

DREW
Sure we are. The guy just threw his best punch, and we're still here, right? And we know what to look for now.

That amazed her, his certainty. He reaches for her hair.

...when they both notice the same thing: blood is dripping from the bottom of his sleeve. A lot of it. And there's a huge GASH in the shoulder of his jacket.

LUCY
Wait. Are you hit?

DREW
I'm fine.

LUCY
Take your jacket off.

She grabs the wheel. He takes his jacket off... revealing a *shirt sleeve soaked with blood*. They eye each other.

Lucy tears the sleeve away, revealing a chunk of SHRAPNEL that has imbedded itself into his shoulder.

DREW
Oh.

LUCY
Oh.

INT. NEW OTANI - "WACA" ROOM - SAME

Private Gooden stares at his laptop screen - a DOWNLOAD BAR slowly filling. Captain Siedow and Leeds stand over him.

LEEDS
Do you have it?

PRIVATE GOODEN
It's a slow download, Sir.

CAPT. SIEDOW
That's not good enough, Private!

PRIVATE GOODEN
Sir, I--

PING! "Download complete." Everyone eyes the laptop screen.

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - RESUMING

Lucy uses TWEEZERS to get at the chunk of shrapnel in Drew's arm. He keeps his eyes on the road.

LUCY
Okay. Now we have to call for help.
Right?

DREW
No. We'd never catch up again.

LUCY
But it's not a fair fight. I mean,
they have a truck with landmines on
it. We have a Del Sol.

DREW

Look, we're in... where are we...
Pomona. So I stop at a call-box.
Could be Mayberry RFD out here, I
don't know. Best possible scenario is
that something is in the air in ten
minutes maybe - by which time that
truck could be anywhere.

He pauses, then decides to reveal this: *

DREW (CONT'D)

There's also... another factor.
(she waits...)
I'm not sure who to call right now.

LUCY

What does that mean?

DREW

It means the guys we're chasing are
getting some help - from inside. *

He hated saying that...

DREW (CONT'D)

They knew what our alternate route
would be, which radio frequencies to
block, which limo he'd be put in if
everything broke down - things only
someone in The Service would know.
There has to be someone on the
inside.

Lucy considers that; it's an effort not to shudder.

DREW (CONT'D)

So, no, we're not getting off the
trail... But if you want, I can pull
over now, and let you out. *

(she eyes him)

I can't worry about your safety as
long as the President is in jeopardy.
So if you want out, it's cool now.

LUCY

Uh-huh. And what happens when you
pass out from blood loss - then who's
gonna drive?

DREW

I'm fine.

LUCY
You're practically hemmoraghing.

DREW
I can order you out.

LUCY
I told you already. It's my car.

DREW
It's my detail. *

LUCY
Look, I'm part of how he wound up in
there, right? I want to fix this. *

That just blurted out, but it changes things... *

DREW
Okay. We fix it together. *

She tears a strip from his shirt, fashioning a tourniquet. *

EXT. 60 FWY. - CONTINUING

We PULL BACK and UP, as the two vehicles head down the 60...

EXT. 5TH STREET - LIBRARY ENTRANCE - DAY

5th Street remains a horror. That giant SINKHOLE continues to
smoke. Glass and debris are everywhere.

But the dying has stopped. The injured are being treated in
an outdoor triage. Paramedics and ambulances abound.

Tracy Burke, Linden's Chief of Staff, sits on the steps of
the now-crippled Library, in shock, her arm in a sling. She
stares a thousand-mile stare. Her boss, she thinks, is dead.

A low-level STAFFER named KATIE WARD approaches:

WARD
(cautiously)
Tracy?
(Burke looks up) *

We just got a call from the
Commissioner of Baseball's Office.
About the All-Star Game. *

BURKE
You're kidding.

WARD

They're cancelling it. But they want to open the Stadium anyway, for sort of a prayer vigil - so people can mourn together. They asked if we'd sign off on that.

(a beat)

Would it be okay?

Burke just nods...

INT. D.C. - DIRECTOR'S CRISIS CENTER - DAY

Beside Livesay is his Deputy, CAWLEY:

CAWLEY

Sir? Is it possible that there's a financial component we're overlooking here?

LIVESAY

How? There wasn't a kidnapping; no one asked for any ransom.

CAWLEY

We've always game-planned for an attack on U.S. institutions as a means of crashing the world's financial markets.

(Livesay is listening...)

The Nikkei's only been open for thirty minutes and it's already down 200 points. Hong Kong's even worse.

It doesn't take Livesay long to connect the dots.

LIVESAY

Find out who's shorting stock...

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - SAME

Durst is at work on his lap-top, monitoring the Nikkei Index, when a cellphone rings - one of his remaining Treo's. It takes him a second to identify the right one, then:

DURST (INTO CELL)

Yes?

MALE VOICE (THRU CELL)

You have a problem.

DURST (INTO CELL)

Is that so?

INTERCUT WITH/INT. NEW OTANI - STAIRWELL - DAY

We've been here before, when Private Gooden was praying. Now, an UNSEEN SOLDIER in work-grade uniform, his back turned to us, speaks quietly into a cell-phone: *

UNSEEN SOLDIER ("MALE VOICE")
You're being tailed. *

DURST (INTO CELL)
I know this already.

UNSEEN SOLDIER (INTO CELL)
By a Secret Service Agent, being monitored by the Command Center. *

DURST (INTO CELL)
Then it seems to me that you have the problem. Don't you.

Durst hangs up. We REMAIN in that stairwell:

...where we wheel around - to reveal Captain Siedow of the WHCA. He exhales, steeling himself. Then he rises...

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - TRIAGE TENT - SAME

Dr. Das does a crossword. Linden stares at the ceiling. Then Durst enters, snapping a few more photos of him. *

DURST
Needed one with you looking slightly more alert. *

LINDEN
I heard the gun-shots. Who's following us? *

DURST
You mean, "Who was following us?" Or didn't you hear the bombs? *

Durst eyes the digital photo's, pleased with them. *

LINDEN
I told you there'd be an Army coming after you, sooner or later. *

DURST
All due respect, but based on your latest poll numbers, I'm not sure how hard they're gonna try. *

Linden breathes out a smile, taking that with some humor.

LINDEN

Whoever's out there isn't trying to save me. He doesn't give a damn about me. He's trying to save something bigger...

(a beat)

And believe it or not, he's doing it for you, Pal. For everybody. That's what heros do.

*

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - SAME

Lucy has three STRIPS OF CLOTH across her leg. She ties the first one around Drew's arm. Blood is everywhere.

*

*

LUCY

Ya know, I did call Linden once.

*

DREW

Yeah?

*

*

LUCY

First year of his presidency, when he let the E.P.A. weaken the clean-air restrictions. I thought that really sucked. So I put in a call to the White House.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

(a beat)

He didn't call back.

DREW

I know.

*

*

(that caught her)

*

You were in our database. I looked you up last night.

*

*

LUCY

To get my number?

*

*

DREW

To assess your threat level.

*

*

She eyes him, then ties the second tourniquet strip.

*

LUCY

You're not married. Are you.

*

DREW

No.

LUCY
Wanna know why?

DREW
I used to be better with people. I
don't have the patience for it
anymore.

LUCY
I noticed.

DREW
Oh, 'cause you're such a good judge
of character?

LUCY
Ya know what? Fix your own damn arm.
Bleed to death for all I care.

She pushes his arm away. He laughs...

...until she smiles, reluctantly.

DREW
Marriages don't have a great batting
average in this job. I just never
wanted to start something I figured
to fail at.

She nods. Feels like a connection is growing... Then they
hear something that shocks them, utterly:

Her cell-phone, ringing.

Their eyes both lock in on the cell, on the floor by her
feet. It's ringing - somehow. Lucy's too surprised to move.

DREW
Pick it up! Pick it up!

She fumbles for it, accidentally hitting the PLAY button on
her DASHBOARD CD. Instantly, the sound of HILLARY CLINTON'S
auto-biography, (book on tape), fills the car.

DREW (CONT'D)
Jesus!

Lucy hurriedly turns off the CD and grabs the phone. She
doesn't recognize the numbered readout on it. She answers:

LUCY (INTO CELL)
Hello...?

INTERCUT WITH/INT. NEW OTANI - SITE COMMAND CENTER - SAME *

Leeds, on a secure line, in the middle of a hive: *

LEEDS (INTO SECURE LINE) *
 This is Agent Leeds of the Secret *
 Service. Am I speaking with Lucy *
 Calvo? *

Lucy doesn't answer, just hands the phone to Drew. *

LUCY *
 It's for you. *

It takes Drew a second to react. Then he takes the phone: *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
 This is North. *

LEEDS *
 It's Leeds. Where are you? *

A great relief. Maybe. *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
 Where are you? *

LEEDS *
 Site Command Center. *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
 Then I can't talk. Try me back. *

CLICK. Leeds stares at the phone, shocked. *

...as Lucy nearly leaps out of her seat. *

LUCY *
What'd you do that for?!?! *

DREW *
 He'll know. *

BACK TO LEEDS: who turns now, suddenly eyeing the agents *
 around him very differently. Is there a traitor in here???

Leeds heads for the door... *

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - TRIAGE TENT - RESUMING *

Durst is about to leave the trailer, but: *

LINDEN
Have you been to D.C. lately?

DURST
No.

LINDEN
You should. Might make you feel
differently about things.

Durst grins, amused that Linden is still trying.

DURST
Yes, I'm sure a tour of the Capitol
would turn me right around.

LINDEN
It might.
(Durst eyes him...)
The history, the things all those
buildings have *stood for* for two
centuries. Tell me something, the
countries that're paying you to do
this, what do *they* stand for?

DURST
Mister President, I wish you'd stop
campaigning already.
(Linden is silent)
You're dead. Don't you know that?

INT. NEW OTANI - LEEDS' ROOM - SAME

Leeds enters, crutches his way toward a desk, pulling a slip
of paper from his pocket, and a CELL-PHONE...

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - RESUMING - DAY

Lucy keeps an eye on that tourniquet.

LUCY
He's not gonna call back.

DREW
He'll call back.

LUCY
Maybe he's the guy on the inside. How
well do you know him?

DREW
I know him. I used to be him. He's
not the guy.

She eyes him, hoping he's right. *

...when the DASHBOARD suddenly interrupts: a BEEPING SOUND...

DREW (CONT'D)

Huh?

And a light BLINKS.

...It reads, "FUEL LOW." Drew just stares.

DREW (CONT'D)

No. Really?

(Lucy's silent)

When's the last time you put gas in this thing?

LUCY

I wasn't planning on driving to Pomona this morning! *

DREW

Well why don't you have a Hybrid like every other actress in L.A.? *

LUCY

Sorry! I haven't booked a series yet! I'm out there every day! *

DREW

Just... tell me how long this thing can go once it starts beeping like this. Are we on fumes or something? *

LUCY

I don't know. The whole dash is a little fried.

DREW

Can you be more specific?

LUCY

I don't know! I don't know. We--

...which is when her CELL-PHONE RINGS again. *

Instant relief. Lucy eyes the readout. *

LUCY (CONT'D)

(re: readout)

Leeds, David. *

Good. Drew takes the cell from her, opens it. *

DREW (INTO CELL)

Grab a pen.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. NEW OTANI - LEEDS' ROOM - RESUMING *

Leeds grabs a pen...

LEEDS (INTO PHONE)

Okay. Go.

But behind him, the door of his room opens silently...

We PUSH IN on his back, as he writes:

DREW (THRU PHONE)

The President is alive. They switched limos and hid him in a truck. I'm tailing it now. We're heading East on the--

Then Siedow attacks, grabbing Leeds by the neck. The phone falls from Leeds' hand.

BACK TO Drew, on the other end. Just heard something...

DREW (INTO CELL)

Leeds? Leeds?

Leeds struggles - grabbing, flailing, helpless with that broken leg... Siedow pulls him to the floor.

DREW (INTO CELL, CONT'D)

Leeds?!

It's not a fist-fight - it's uglier than that: Leeds and Siedow lock up on the floor as Siedow tries to snap Leeds' neck. Leeds claws back, gouging at Siedow's eyes. Awful.

...with Drew on the other end, the phone useless to him.

We DROP DOWN TO THE HOTEL-ROOM FLOOR, the upper half of Leeds' body now blocked from our view by the bed. Soon all we can see are his legs, one of them in that cast.

They're shaking, almost bouncing on the floor... The sounds are guttural, lethal.

We hear something that sounds like piano-wire fraying, a high-pitched tension: it's a neck being twisted... Then a choked gasp, followed by a single liquid snap.

And it's over. Leeds' legs go still. Now, instead of hearing two men breathing, we hear only one...

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - RESUMING

The cell goes silent; Drew hands it back to Lucy.

LUCY
What happened?

DREW
I don't know. Bad connection maybe.

He's lying. She doesn't push it - just closes the phone.

...as the BEEPING from that EMPTY TANK WARNING begins to double. Lucy shuts her eyes.

LUCY
Now we're on fumes.

Shit. Drew looks around, assessing his options. Doesn't seem like he has any...

...until he notices the SUNROOF above his head. He eyes it.

DREW
Can you take the wheel and get us right up behind the truck?

LUCY
Why?

DREW
I'm going out the sunroof.

LUCY
What?!?! I don't...

He hits a button. The sunroof begins to open. She's aghast.

DREW
I don't mean close to it. I mean on it, touching it, so I can jump. I have to get inside that truck.
(she hates this idea)
Okay? Can you do that?

LUCY
Sure! Why not? Shit!

Sunroof's open now. He checks his sidearm.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Wait. Is this smart?

DREW
It's as close to smart as we're gonna
get, under the circumstances.

*
*

LUCY
'Cause we might be able to go another
couple miles. And maybe your
friend'll call back.

He just eyes her...

DREW
Get me as close as you can.

He starts to climb out the sunroof. It's all happening too
fast for her.

LUCY
Wait! I need a second!

She grabs him. He sits back down again, waiting...

LUCY (CONT'D)
Don't die. Okay?

DREW
It's gonna be fine.

LUCY
Oh. You train for stuff like this?

DREW
Absolutely.

He smiles, an attempt to comfort her. Then he hoists himself
through the sunroof... Lucy slides into the driver's seat -
the Del Sol losing ground until she hits the gas.

EXT. THE HOOD OF THE DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

Drew slides over the windshield and onto the hood of the Del
Sol. He waves Lucy up, "Faster."

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - SAME

The Del Sol is now so tight on the truck's rear that *it has
disappeared from the cab's sideview mirrors*. Durst grins.

EXT. DEL SOL/TRUCK GATE - MOVING - SAME

Lucy's never done precision-driving before. It's difficult.

She nudges the Del Sol up against the gate of the truck, then falls back, then edges forward again. Drew reaches for the VERTICAL POLES along the truck's rear-gate doors...

But the Truck accelerates a bit, and the gap widens. Drew starts to fall.

Lucy punches it, actually bumping the rear of the truck.

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - RESUMING

Durst and Bragg didn't feel a thing.

EXT. HOOD/INT. DEL SOL - RESUMING

Lucy keeps riding the tail of the truck. Drew reaches out...

...and grabs the vertical poles, pulling himself onto the truck. Lucy drops back a bit.

EXT. TRUCK - GATE - MOVING - CONTINUING

Drew tries to open the gate doors. Forget it. So he climbs... up those poles, and onto:

EXT. TRUCK - THE ROOF OF THE TRAILER - CONTINUING

He scurries along. Lucy can hardly believe what she's seeing. Drew reaches the edge of the trailer and drops down:

EXT. TRUCK - PLATFORM BEHIND CAB - MOVING - CONTINUING

He's between the cab and the trailer. He opens a hatch, then ducks into:

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - CONTINUING

He enters the trailer, gun poised. Das, used to visits from Durst, doesn't even look up from his crossword puzzle. *

Drew notes the double-deck car-park, the Triage Tent, Limo 6. And overhead... a SECURITY CAMERA, (p-t-z, of course). He's going to have to move fast:

INT. TRIAGE TENT - CONTINUING

Linden sleeps. Das is just about to turn around... when there's a gun at his head: *

DREW

Drop.

Das turns, gets the idea, and quickly lies face-down. *

Drew moves to the bed, untying the restraints as Linden sleeps. Then Linden awakens, disoriented. *

...to find Drew standing over him. Quite a shock. *

LINDEN

You?

There's a ton of history here - and no time to dwell on it.

DREW

Hafta get you out of here, Sir. *

Finding himself free now, Linden rises. They head for the rear of the trailer.

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - DAY

We're TIGHT on the truck's SECURITY-CAM MONITOR, which shows *exactly what is happening in the trailer.*

But Durst isn't watching - still too busy tracking the movement of the NIKKEI INDEX on his laptop...

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - MOVING - CONTINUING

Drew reaches into Limo 6 and grabs something from its glove compartment: a FLARE GUN. Linden eyes it.

LINDEN

Can I have that?

DREW

It's a flare gun, Sir.

LINDEN

I'd like to be holding something. I haven't been able to defend myself all day.

Drew shrugs, hands him the flare gun. Linden pockets it. Drew turns to Das. *

DREW

Is there a way to get this gate open?

Das rises, hits a button on the wall of the trailer: *

...and the REAR GATE of the truck opens hydraulically, *sunlight and noise instantly flooding in from the highway.*

...with Lucy in the Del Sol, right on our tail.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

Lucy's jaw drops as she sees Drew and the President of the United States approaching the edge of the truck trailer. They're not planning to jump - are they?

Drew grabs Linden, leads him to the edge. It's LOUD out here.

DREW
Gonna hafta jump.

Linden nods. The Del Sol pulls up closer.

LINDEN
Me first? Or you?

DREW
I'll go. Then help you over.

Linden nods. Drew's about to jump. Lucy tries to stay on the truck's rear. But again, it's tricky at this speed. *

Suddenly, the truck accelerates, creating a FIVE FOOT GAP between the vehicles. Drew starts to fall.

Linden grabs him, saves him. They eye one another...

Then they hear a HONK from the Del Sol. LOUD. What the...?

Lucy keeps HONKING. And POINTING now at something *behind* Drew - until Drew turns back, and sees:

Durst, hurrying through the trailer hatch. FIRING.

DREW
(at Linden)
Down!

Drew shoves Linden to the trailer floor while drawing and firing.

The truck swerves suddenly. Drew grasps at a hanging STRAP to keep from falling.

Then a shot from Durst hits Drew's hand, costing him his grip on the strap. He falls backward, grabbing at air, untethered.

Lucy guns it, again banging the Del Sol's bumper into the rear of the truck...

...as Drew falls face first on to her hood at 60 mph, just a windshield separating them. He turns, ready to fire at Durst from a seated position on the hood. *

...but Durst has already put a gun to Linden's head. And those hydraulic gates are beginning to shut. *

Drew throws one last look at his President. Then the doors shut. The truck pulls ahead - gone again.

He was so close...

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

Lucy pulls Drew in through the sunroof.

Now he's bleeding from a shoulder on one side, his hand on the other. A welt on his forehead. He pounds the dash.

DREW

Shit!

The EMPTY TANK warning beeps again. He sags a bit.

DREW (CONT'D)

We're gonna need some help.

Not an easy thing for him to say. She knows that.

DREW (CONT'D)

Pull over at the next Call-Box.
You're gonna call this in for me. *

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - TRIAGE TENT - SAME

Durst re-ties the restraints around Linden's wrists and ankles, a bit roughly. Some edge starting to show now...

DAS *

I can do that for you. *

DURST *

I think you've done enough, letting
that man in here. *

That sounded menacing. Das tightens. *

...as Durst pulls out his gun and drops Das with a single shot. Dead. Then Durst turns to Linden: *

DURST (CONT'D) *

The downside of outsourcing. No? *

(Linden is silent) *

What can you tell me about the man
behind us? *

LINDEN
Not a lot, except he deserves better
than he's getting.

DURST
You know him?

LINDEN
Where are we going?

Durst chuckles, amused...

LINDEN (CONT'D)
It doesn't really matter, I guess,
but I'd still like to know... Where
are we going?

DURST
(can't resist)
Do you like Central America?

Linden won't satisfy the guy by reacting...

DURST (CONT'D)
There's a very quiet room waiting for
you - in the middle of a jungle. But
don't expect to hear "Hail to the
Chief" when we get there. The locals
won't ever know you've arrived.
(enjoying this...)
By the time we get there the pictures
I've taken of you will have hit the
Internet - and the world will realize
you weren't in that limo. A global
search follows, every resource in the
U.S. Intelligence and Military
communities brought to bear... but
they find nothing. So there's no
funeral, no riderless white horse, no
sumptuous pageantry or mourning,
because you won't be dead - you'll
just be gone, like Jimmy Hoffa! And
with you will go all that had once
been the power and prestige of the
Presidency. That will be your legacy.
Glad you asked?

Durst heads out. Linden shouts at his back:

LINDEN
You're not going to stop him. He's a
different kind of soldier than you.

DURST

There's that arrogance again. *

Durst exits, leaving Linden alone with Das' body... *

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER *

Durst returns to the cab, looks in the side-view mirror. That Goddamn Del Sol is still on his tail. *

He pulls out another Treo, dials... *

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - SAME *

Lucy drives. Drew stares at the truck, absently. *

DREW

The guy will answer "Duty Desk." You say, "I'm calling for Agent Drew North, Commission Book number AO2109. He has lost his radio, but he is in pursuit of the President who is still alive. I need to speak to the DSAC." That's Deputy Special Agent in Charge. Do you have that?

LUCY

AO2109. DSAC. Yes.

DREW

There's a Call-Box up ahead. *

It's 200 yards up. She starts to slow down, hopeful at last. *

DREW (CONT'D)

Here's what you tell the DSAC... *

Then her CELL-PHONE rings again. Drew lunges for it eagerly, answering without eyeing the readout. *

DREW (INTO CELL)

Leeds? *

INTERCUT WITH/INT. TRUCK - CAB - SAME *

Durst, looking in his side-view mirror. *

DURST (INTO CELL)

No. To whom am I speaking? *

It hits Drew, hard: *I know that voice...* *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
To whom am I speaking? *

DURST (INTO CELL) *
If you want him dead, keep doing what *
you're doing. He's worth no more to *
me alive. *

Lucy nears the Call-Box, almost at a stop... *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
Bullshit. *

Without warning, Drew puts a bleeding hand on Lucy's right *
leg and PUSHES DOWN, forcing her to accelerate. The Del Sol *
speeds up again, leaving that Call Box behind. *

She knows enough not to complain, but she isn't happy... *

DREW (CELL, CONT'D) *
You could've killed him a hundred *
times by now; of course you want him *
alive. *
(a beat) *
It'll give him more value on the *
currency exchange - won't it, Carl? *

Silence... which tells Drew he's hit a bullseye. *

DREW (CELL, CONT'D) *
Timothy McVeigh had one poem *
committed to memory on the night *
before his execution - know what it *
was? You break that out in a hotel *
filled with Secret Service agents, *
it's gonna raise a few flags. *

DURST (INTO CELL) *
We can't choose our muses. Can we. *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
Who're you working for? Who's doing *
all this? *

DURST (INTO CELL) *
You can't guess? *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
How much're they paying you to sell *
out your country? What are they *
paying you to be a murderer and a *
kidnapper? *

DURST (INTO CELL) *
 About four-hundred times more than *
 the CIA ever paid me. And I get to *
 make my own hours. *
 (a beat) *
 But you wouldn't know anything about *
 losing faith in the machine. Would *
 you. *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
 Of course I would. But don't do this. *

DURST (INTO CELL) *
 It's done. *
 (a beat) *
 But if you drop back, I can promise *
 you'll be spared. If not, I can *
 promise you won't be. *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
 That's pretty funny, a promise from a *
 guy like you. *

DURST (INTO CELL) *
 Fine. Get yourself killed. He's *
 obviously done plenty to earn that *
 kind of loyalty from you. *

That stung, just as it was intended to. *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
 You're not gonna beat me, Carl. Even *
 in a truck, you can't beat me. Don't *
 you know that? *

DURST (INTO CELL) *
 Why not? *

DREW (INTO CELL) *
 Because I would die to save him. And *
 there's *nothing* you would die for. *

CLICK. Durst just ended the call. He looks to Bragg - just as *
 the truck hits an OVERPASS straddling a MUDDY WATERWAY. *

INT. DEL SOL - RESUMING *

Drew closes the phone. Lucy eyes him. The Del Sol hits the *
 overpass... *

...as a horrible sound shatters the silence: *

The sudden SCREECHING OF BRAKES from the 18-wheeler... *

...with Lucy too close on its tail to react.

EXT. 60 FWY. - OVERPASS - MOVING - CONTINUING

The truck goes from 60 to zero in a second, smoke pouring off its tires. Lucy tries to swerve right, but too late. The Del Sol slams into the back right corner of the truck.

INT. DEL SOL - MOVING - CONTINUING

The corner goes right through the windshield of the Del Sol, nearly taking Lucy's head off. She and Drew duck, as:

The Del Sol flips and goes flying, UPSIDE DOWN, INTO MID-AIR, OFF THE OVERPASS, plunging toward the waterway below: *

EXT. OVERPASS/WATERWAY - MOVING - CONTINUING

The Del Sol slams into muddy WATER - nose first and upside down. Sludge POURS IN through what had been a windshield.

...as the truck regains speed and pulls away down the 60...

INT. DEL SOL - CONTINUING

Just like that, they are under water - mud really - unable to breathe or see each other. They're also UPSIDE DOWN.

Drew tries to open his door. Can't. They're going to drown. He tries to open Lucy's door - also jammed. More sludge pours in. He turns toward the only light coming into this car:

The back window, which is above the water line.

He grabs Lucy, pushes her in front of him toward it. Her head pops above the water line; she sucks in some air.

The sludge keeps rising. He tries to open that back window. Impossible. He pulls out his side-arm and fires.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DEL SOL - CONTINUING

The back window blows out. Drew grabs Lucy and swims through.

EXT. BANK OF THE WATERWAY - CONTINUING

They swim/trudge to the bank. In the distance Drew can see Durst's truck, vanishing. It infuriates him.

DREW
(at the truck, pissed)
Guess what? It was running out of gas
anyway!!

No reply from the truck. Drew turns to Lucy, who is staring at her car. All that's visible of it is its bumper sticker.

DREW (CONT'D)
Sorry about your car.

She shrugs... Drew, soaking wet, thinks things over.

DREW (CONT'D)
I'm gonna follow the truck. You get to that Call-Box and call everything in. You remember what to do?

LUCY
How're you gonna follow the truck?

DREW
I don't know yet. Go.

He starts to climb the embankment, his wet shoes squeaking. She watches him, fairly dazzled by his resolve. Then:

LUCY
Hey?
(he turns)
About the President - in case you get to talk to him and I get blown up or run over or something.

DREW
Yeah?

Lucy pauses, chagrined... then confesses:

LUCY
I did vote for him. I'd like him to know that.

Drew smiles without meaning to, touched.

LUCY (CONT'D)
It's why I almost turned the part down! Seriously!

DREW
You can tell him so yourself.

She appreciated that. He heads up the embankment.

EXT. 60 FWY. - AT THE OVERPASS - MOMENTS LATER

Drew climbs up from below, hops a cement railing, and finds himself on the shoulder of the 60. The truck is long gone.

So he starts to run. Bleeding, battered, soaking wet, he runs
down this empty highway - utterly unable to give up. *

60 yards away, Lucy emerges from the embankment... in time to
see Drew disappearing into the distance. It would be pathetic
if it weren't so noble. *

She turns in the other direction, heading for that CALL-BOX
half a mile back. *

INT. TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - SAME *

At last, Durst finds no one in his side-view mirror. He
smiles, pleased. *

EXT. 60 FWY. - TRACKING DREW - MINUTES LATER *

He's hobbling, bleeding, drenched, but still trying. He hears
a SOUND, approaching from behind. A motor. He turns: *

A HARLEY is flying down the road, coming this way. *

Drew makes a decision... *

EXT. 60 FWY - TRACKING THE HARLEY - CONTINUING *

The HARLEY-GUY is a rich Exec, 55. Clutching his waist is his
GIRLFRIEND, a 20 year-old in a bikini. Out of nowhere, they
see something up ahead that doesn't make sense: *

...looks almost like a guy *standing in the middle of the fast*
lane, holding up a badge. *

Harley Guy speeds closer... to discover that it is a guy
standing in the middle of the fast lane, holding up a badge.
A bleeding, battered, soaking wet lunatic. *

The image grows larger as we barrel in on him: Drew, standing
as if the badge alone will make him invulnerable. *

BIKINI GIRLFRIEND
(has to shout)
What is that, baby? *

HARLEY GUY
Hell if I know. A cop, I think. *

BIKINI GIRLFRIEND
Were we speeding or something? *

She's not a genius; he's accepted that by now. Harley Guy
pulls up to Drew - in the middle of the fast lane. *

HARLEY GUY
Something wrong, Officer?

DREW
I need to borrow your bike.

Harley Guy laughs. So does Bikini Girl.

HARLEY GUY
Yeah. That's not gonna happen.

DREW
Let me re-phrase.

Then Drew pulls out his gun.

DREW (CONT'D)
I need to borrow your bike.

On Harley Guy's reaction, we CUT TO:

EXT. 60 - MOMENTS LATER (DAY)

Drew barrels down the 60 on that Harley, looking for the truck. Doesn't see any sign of it yet.

EXT. CALL-BOX - ON THE 60 - SAME

Lucy gets to that CALL-BOX PHONE, picks it up.

CALL-BOX OPERATOR (THRU PHONE)
Operator.

LUCY (INTO PHONE)
I'm calling for Special Agent North of the Secret Service. Commission Book Number AO2109. Please put me through to the Duty Desk of the Secret Service L.A. Field Office. This is an emergency...

INT. L.A. FIELD OFFICE - SAME

We start on that PYRAMID OF FACES: 300 agents - with Drew North's image at the very bottom... Then we PAN RIGHT:

...to find an OVERWORKED DUTY DESK AGENT at an out-of-control SWITCHBOARD. Another line BLINKS. He grabs it.

DUTY AGENT (INTO HEADSET)
Duty Desk. Please hold.

EXT. CALL-BOX - ON THE 60 - RESUMING

Lucy stands there... on hold.

EXT. 60 FWY. - SAME

Drew guns the Harley. No trucks in sight.

EXT. 60 FWY. PARAMOUNT BLVD. OFF-RAMP - DAY

The 18-wheeler pulls OFF the 60, onto the Paramount Blvd. off-ramp, in the heart of Montebello.

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - TRIAGE TENT - SAME

Linden notices; we're turning.

EXT. CALL-BOX - ON THE 60 - RESUMING

Lucy remains on hold. A car whizzes past her.

EXT. 60 FWY. - SAME

Drew races the bike along the 60. Still sees nothing. *

EXT. GUARD GATE - MONTEBELLO BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

The 18-wheeler pulls through a guard gate. Beyond it is a PRIVATE AIRSTRIP.

A G-4 sits on the runway, waiting...

EXT. 60 FWY. - PARAMOUNT BLVD. OFF-RAMP - SAME

Drew blows right past the Paramount Blvd. off-ramp, no idea that the truck has left the freeway.

EXT. CALL-BOX - ON THE 60 - RESUMING

It's been minutes now. Lucy's still on hold...

Screw this. She hangs up the phone, then picks it up again.

CALL-BOX OPERATOR (THRU PHONE)
Operator.

LUCY (INTO PHONE)
I'm calling for Special Agent North
of the Secret Service. Commission
Book Number AO2109. This is an
emergency concerning the attack on
the President. Give me the White
House.

INT. UNNAMED CORRIDOR - SAME

We're tight on the fast-moving feet of young Secret Service Agent SPENCER CASSILETH as he races into:

INT. D.C. - DIRECTOR'S CRISIS CENTER - SAME

Livesay and the rest of the brass turn, as a breathless Cassileth bursts in:

CASSILETH
White House, Sir. The President is
alive.

That changes everything...

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE - SAME

F-15's are scrambled. Four of them go up...

EXT. POLICE STATIONS - VARIOUS - SAME

CHOPPERS and GUNSHIPS go up from rooftops all over the county. LAPD, FBI, SHERIFFS, U.S. ARMY. An armada.

EXT. CALL-BOX - ON THE 60 - RESUMING

Lucy puts down the Call-Box phone, proud of herself.

INT. TRUCK (PARKED) - TRAILER - DAY

Linden sits in silence. Das' body is in a corner. The rear-gates of the truck open, and sunlight pours in.

Here's Durst, a G-4 waiting just over his shoulder. Four nasty-looking THUGS stand beside him, armed.

DURST
Still expecting the Cavalry to come
save you?

Durst and Bragg climb into the trailer, Durst removing Linden's restraints while Bragg keeps a gun at Linden's head.

LINDEN
They will.

DURST
Not likely. And your favorite Secret Service Agent won't be joining us either, as he is now extremely dead at the bottom of a river.

Linden's reaction is immediate, and unguarded: guilt, and even some despair. Durst enjoyed that. *

DURST (CONT'D) *

My Goodness, that look of guilt. Did you do something to that boy? *

(that caught Linden) *

You did, didn't you? What was it? *

Linden's eyes look murderous. *

DURST (CONT'D) *

Might as well tell me; you've hinted around at it already. And it's the only eulogy he's likely to get. *

Linden continues to resist. Durst doesn't seem to mind. *

DURST (CONT'D) *

Fine. Force me to guess. He was part of your detail, and... *

LINDEN *

Head of my detail. When I was Vice President. *

DURST *

Oh. Better. *

Linden is reeling, hating himself... *

LINDEN *

I was doing something stupid, something likely to blow up my career - and my marriage. And he suggested that I stop it. So... *

DURST *

So you make him walk the plank. Of course. Sounds just like the government I've grown to know and hate. Now tell me again about all the virtues those two-hundred year-old buildings are supposed to stand for. *

Linden's shame is total. Durst pulls him to his feet, leading to the edge of the trailer. *

EXT. 60 FWY. - DREW - MOVING - SAME

Drew, on the Harley, spots a TRUCK up ahead - same gates as the monster he's been following all day. He races toward it. *

EXT. TRUCK-TRAILER/AIRSTRIP - RESUMING *

Linden stands at the edge of the trailer, looking beaten.

DURST

Look at the bright side. At least no
one's asking you to jump onto the
hood of a moving car. *

A sharp push from Durst, and Linden falls hard to the tarmac.
But as soon as he hits the ground:

He pulls that FLARE GUN from his pocket, and squeezes off a
single shot - straight into the air.

Instantly, he's tackled by Durst, Bragg, and all four THUGS.

EXT. 60 - MOVING - RESUMING

Drew bears down on that truck, so close - and so focused - *he
doesn't see the flare in the air behind him.*

Then the truck ahead of him brakes, forcing Drew to swerve.

...which is when he sees it. THE FLARE. And he knows.

He jacks the Harley into a vicious 180, ON A FREEWAY, and
points it in the wrong direction, heading *back* toward the on-
ramp he just passed. SHOCKED DRIVERS swerve out of the way... *

EXT. AIRSTRIP - AT THE TRUCK - RESUMING

An enraged Durst beats the hell out of Linden. One shot after
another, Durst's calm demeanor finally giving way to rage.
The Thugs just watch.

EXT. 60 - APPROACHING THE OFF-RAMP - MOVING - RESUMING

Drew speeds - the wrong way - onto the shoulder of the 60. He
charges up the on-ramp as MORE DRIVERS swerve to avoid him.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - AT THE TRUCK - RESUMING

Durst finally stops pummeling Linden, who lies in a heap...

EXT. 60 FWY. - PARAMOUNT BLVD. ON-RAMP - RESUMING

Drew gets to the top of the Paramount on-ramp, then turns
left, following the smoke trail of that flare.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE EAST L.A. - SAME

Those HELICOPTERS and GUNSHIPS roar through the sky...

EXT. MONTEBELLO BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

Drew finds the PRIVATE AIRSTRIP, its perimeter rimmed by a chain-link fence, its entrance marked by that GUARD GATE.

And there's the truck, parked in the distance on the tarmac.

Drew blows down the street. The Guards don't look up.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - AT THE TRUCK - RESUMING

The Thugs pick Linden up from the ground. He looks like hell.

DURST

Put him on the plane.

They carry/drag Linden toward the plane. Durst follows... *

EXT. FENCE - OUTSIDE THE AIRSTRIP - CONTINUING

Drew jumps off the Harley and runs to the perimeter fence. He *
climbs the fence, jumps down to the ground, hiding behind *
some brush. Maybe 50 yards from the truck and plane. *

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. TARMAC - AT THE G-4 - SAME

At the door of the G-4, a dazed and bleeding President is *
handcuffed, then pushed on board. Durst turns to Bragg. *

DURST

Put the truck in the hangar. *

Bragg nods, climbing into the truck.

EXT. AT THE FENCE - CONTINUING *

Drew hides as Bragg rumbles past in the truck. Once Bragg's *
eye-line has cleared, Drew takes off for the truck. *

But we can't tell if he's going to get there... *

INT. G-4 - PASSENGER CABIN - SAME

Linden is thrown into a seat and belted in, still cuffed.

INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bragg pulls the truck into the Hangar. Gets out.

BANG. Drew jumps off the back of the truck, FIRING. Bragg *
staggers, hit. Drew pulls the trigger again... *

CLICK. His sidearm is out of rounds now. He leaps at Bragg and smashes him in the face with the empty gun. Bragg drops.

Drew jumps onto the platform behind the truck's cab, then hurries through the trailer-hatch, into:

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - CONTINUING

Drew enters, gets to Limo 6, pops the trunk.

...revealing ten SHOTGUNS, stowed in back. He grabs one.

...and eyes the buttons operating the mechanized RAMP that extends from this car-park.

EXT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

The truck's rear gates are open, the ramp slams down, and LIMO 6 backs up at full speed.

EXT. TARMAC - AT THE G-4 - CONTINUING

Durst, on the steps of the G-4, *sees Limo 6 coming*. He barks at the G-4's PILOT:

DURST

Go! Now!

Durst throws the door shut. The G-4 begins to taxi...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - CONTINUING

Drew drives on to the runway, just as the G-4 turns on to the opposite end of the strip.

...which means the two vehicles are now facing one another, roughly 4,000 feet apart.

Drew hits the gas, barrelling down the runway.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. G-4 - COCKPIT - CONTINUING

Pilot sees Drew coming, not a bad reason to abort his run-up.

...but Durst has a gun pointed at the *Pilot's* head now.

DURST

I said Go.

The Pilot leans on the throttle...

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - SAME

Drew floors it, almost seems like he's trying to smash head-on into a speeding plane. Of course, that would be crazy...

INT. G-4 - COCKPIT - MOVING - RESUMING

The plane accelerates quickly. 60 m.p.h., 70 m.p.h.

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - SAME

Drew is accelerating too. 60 m.p.h., 70 m.p.h., 80 m.p.h...

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The gap between the two speeding vehicles keeps closing...

INT. G-4 - COCKPIT - RESUMING

The G-4 hits 120 now. Pilot starts to pull up on the stick.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The G-4 begins to lift off, Drew still fifty feet away, the gap closing fast...

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - CONTINUING

All Drew sees is the NOSE of that plane, hurtling forward.

INT. G-4 - COCKPIT - CONTINUING

All the Pilot sees is a limo, thundering at him... But lift-off has begun. He's going to make it. Nose up...

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - CONTINUING

It's a white blur. Drew braces himself, as:

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The nose of the plane clears the limo, but the NOSE-GEAR doesn't. It clips the grill of Limo 6, a horrible sound: metal hitting metal at top speed.

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - CONTINUING

NOSE-GEAR FILLS OUR FRAME, and Drew's windshield. A huge SOUND as it slams into the bulletproof glass of the Limo.

INT. G-4 - COCKPIT - CONTINUING

The Pilot is thrown forward; his head slams into the panel.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The G-4 lurches, its belly slamming onto the roof of Limo 6.

INT. LIMO 6 - MOVING - CONTINUING

The plane pounds the roof above Drew's head.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The G-4 bounces off the limo then crashes onto the runway without a nose-gear to support it. Sparks fly.

INT. G-4 - CABIN - SAME

Durst and his four thugs go flying. So does Durst's gun. Linden, the only guy seat-belted in, just hangs on.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The G-4 bounces along the runway, coming to an inelegant stop on the tarmac, crippled.

INT. LIMO 6 - CONTINUING

The Limo, somehow, has survived. The windshield is cracked but not shattered. Drew skids to a stop, as:

EXT. RUNWAY - AT THE CRIPPLED G-4 - CONTINUING

The G-4's door flies open. Durst's THUGS pile out, armed with machine-guns, instantly opening fire on the limo.

INT. LIMO 6 - CONTINUING

Drew doesn't turn around, just *throws Limo 6 into REVERSE and floors it* - right at them.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The Thugs keep firing, bullets ricocheting off Limo 6 as Drew continues to back toward them - reaching 50 mph now.

INT. G-4 - CABIN - CONTINUING

Linden, still cuffed, makes his move, leaping out of his seat and diving for Durst's gun, as:

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The Thugs keep firing at Limo 6. One of them, THUG #4, now gets the idea that the Limo is impregnable. He turns and runs, just as:

Drew backs over the other three Thugs. It's like getting hit by a tank; the bodies fly. Thug #4 just keeps running.

INT. G-4 - CABIN - RESUMING

Durst leaps for the gun too, struggling with Linden for it. But Linden is still cuffed...

EXT. RUNWAY - TRACKING LIMO 6 - CONTINUING

Drew fish-tails the Limo, drops his window, aims his shotgun at fleeing Thug #4. One shot.

Thug #4 drops, very much dead. Drew speeds back to the G-4, skids to a stop, as:

EXT. RUNWAY - AT THE G-4 - CONTINUING

Here's what Drew sees: Linden, emerging from the plane... with a gun once again at his head, held there by Durst.

Linden half-smiles, happy to see that Drew is still alive. They trade a look as Drew gets out of the limo. *

DURST *

Turns out, I'm the Master of your fate and the Captain of your soul. *

DREW *

Better have another look at that poem, Asshole. I think you misread it. *

DURST *

I don't do that. *

DREW *

(at Linden) You okay, Sir? *

LINDEN *

I'm fine. *

DREW *

Good. *

Calmly, Drew raises his shotgun, taking dead aim at Durst. *

DREW (CONT'D) *

Drop your weapon. *

DURST *

Why would I do that? *

As if on cue, a HUGE SOUND comes from overhead. They look up: *

The GUNSHIPS and HELICOPTERS and F-15's *have now found this airstrip*. An awesome display of military might.

EXT. PILOTS' POV OF THE AIRSTRIP - CONTINUING

From up here, the PILOTS see a lone secret service agent, his weapon aimed at a Suspect - who has a gun pressed to the skull of the President in the doorway of a crippled plane.

EXT. RUNWAY - AT THE G-4 - RESUMING

Durst grabs Linden, close, *using him as a shield*.

DURST
Call them off.

DREW
No.

And Drew starts walking - shotgun aimed squarely at Durst. *

DURST
And stay where you are!

DREW
(keeps walking)
Also no.

DURST
(to Linden:)
You call them off then. *

Soon Drew is only five feet away - with Linden shielding Durst so thoroughly that a shotgun blast would certainly kill both of them simultaneously - yet Drew keeps it aimed. *

DURST (CONT'D)
I will kill you. *

Linden nods without emotion. *

LINDEN
(re: planes)
Do you have radio contact with them, Drew? *

DREW
Easily enough. *

LINDEN
Good. Tell them to fire. *

That caught Durst by surprise. Drew too. *

DREW
Sir? *

LINDEN
Can't have a President kidnapped, it
would cripple the Presidency. And the
world thinks I'm dead anyway. So tell
them their Commander in Chief just
gave the order. Fire. *

And he means it. Durst finally begins to panic. *

DURST
You're a fool. *

DREW
No. He's a patriot. *

Flustered now, Durst looks up at all those gunships. *

...just as Linden cocks his head ever so slightly.

...and Drew pulls the trigger on that shotgun.

Bang. Durst's head splatters on the G-4's shell.

EXT. FROM ABOVE - SAME

The PILOTS see Durst's body collapse to the tarmac.

EXT. TARMAC - AT THE G-4 - RESUMING

It's over. The President stands there, shocked. Drew lowers
the shotgun. They study one another...

DREW
Mister President.

LINDEN
Agent North.

Nothing else is said. We DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TARMAC - AT THE LIMO - MINUTES LATER

50 OFFICERS are on scene; the HELICOPTERS have all touched
down. Linden sits on the fender of an Ambulance, flanked by
POMONA POLICE OFFICERS and TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

He looks across this tarmac at a shiny new LIMO, Drew
standing beside it. Then: *

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
We're cleared to go, Sir.

Linden rises, and crosses the tarmac toward the waiting limo. Drew stands a little straighter as the President approaches.

EXT. TARMAC - AT THE REPLACEMENT LIMO - CONTINUING

Drew opens the right rear door. Linden pauses there.

LINDEN
A thank-you won't suffice, Drew.
Neither will an apology. But they're
all I've got.

DREW
It's fine, Sir.

Drew's happy to leave it at that - but Linden won't allow it. He grabs Drew's hand, shakes it, and holds on. The respect and gratitude are evident.

LINDEN
Thank you.

Drew acknowledges it. The President lets go. Moment over.

LINDEN (CONT'D)
Now I believe we have a baseball game
to get to.

DREW
Yes Sir.

Linden's just about to duck into the car, when:

DREW (CONT'D)
But... if you wouldn't mind, Sir. I'd
like to make one quick stop first.

LINDEN
Absolutely. Whatever you think is
best.

EXT. POMONA POLICE STATION - CURB - LATER DAY

Lucy is sitting outside the Pomona Police station... when she hears a THUNDEROUS SOUND, loudest thing ever:

It's THIRTY POLICE MOTORCYCLES and SQUADCARS, approaching. And that ARMADA, overhead. Helicopters, gunships. What the..?

Then the REPLACEMENT LIMO itself pulls up in front of her.

The Driver's door opens. Drew gets out, crosses to her... then wordlessly throws open the rear door of the Limo.

...where President Linden sits, with a welcoming smile - flanked by those two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. Lucy's at a loss.

DREW

Get in. Don't wanna miss the first pitch.

A whole motorcade, waiting just for her. Lucy rises.

INT. LIMO - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - CONTINUING

She gets in. The door is shut behind her. Now it's just Lucy, the Leader of the Free World, and two armed agents.

LINDEN

Hi.

LUCY

Hi.

She smiles nervously, suddenly wishing her shirt *didn't* say LINDEN SUCKS on it. Linden eyes it, smiles pleasantly.

LINDEN

New shirt?

LUCY

Sorry. It was just for a part. I actually voted for you. *

LINDEN *

I appreciate that. And I'm going to do better from now on. *

LUCY *

Oh. I'm really not that political... *

He smiles, relieved. We SMASH CUT TO: *

INT. LIMO - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - MOVING - EVENING

Lucy's been on him for an hour, just can't help herself: *

LUCY

And it's not just the appointments; it's the *hypocrisy*. I mean, you can't call something "The Healthy Forests Initiative" when it's really a bill allowing the clear-cutting of trees. And you can't call something the

(MORE)

LUCY (cont'd)
 "Clear Skies Program" when it's
 really just a rollback on air-
 pollution standards. I mean, we're
 not idiots out here.

Reveal Linden, who is *taking copious notes on a notepad.*

LINDEN
 I understand.

The Limo comes to a stop. Lucy doesn't notice.

LUCY
 Ya know, when you were running, you
 promised to--

LINDEN
 Uh, Miss Calvo?
 (Lucy pauses)
 I want to hear the rest of this; it's
 been a great education. But I think
 I'm supposed to get out now.

LUCY
 Oh.

She looks around... just as Linden's door is opened.

...and we see lush green grass underfoot. Linden smiles, then
 steps into the middle of:

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - CENTER FIELD - CONTINUING

The world's most beautiful ballpark, on a perfect Summer
 night, packed with 56,000 fans who jump to their feet in a
 spontaneous ROAR.

...as their President emerges from the Limo: battered, but
 alive. And beyond grateful to be here. Drew and the other
 Agents are at his side.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CONTINUING

Hundreds of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stand without expression,
 scanning the crowd for any threat. Counter-Sniper Teams watch
 discreetly from various spots in the stadium.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - CENTER FIELD - RESUMING

Thousands of FLASH-BULBS pop, an awesome sight. Everyone is
 cheering. Many are crying. Even the ALL-STARS put down their
 gloves to applaud Linden.

Moved, touched, he begins to walk to the Infield, throwing one last look back at Drew. And for a moment, it feels like all this applause and is really for *both* of them.

But there's only a hint of a smile on Drew's face. Any more than that would feel wrong to him somehow, unprofessional.

As Linden heads for home-plate, we...

FADE OUT

-THE END

